

Sir, This is a Drive Thru

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Sir, This is a Drive Thru

by [ICH0R](#)

Summary

"Here, keep the change." The Dude said, handing Tommy a twenty.

"Sir, idiot, moron, this is a drive thru."

They stared at each other.

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Tommy's just trying to pay bills and a new regular seems to ruin his job. And take a weird interest in him. Oh, his roommates are also being really strange.

Notes

Well here we go. This is inspired by far too many works to list!

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See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Coffee of Death

"Can I get a... uh, a black coffee with five shots of espresso?"

There's silence while Tommy processes the order. Normally he wouldn't say anything but it's his normal night shift, twenty minutes before closing and twenty minutes before four in the morning. Whoever is ordering has a death wish.

"I'm not supposed to give you more than three espresso shots." Tommy deadpans. "Besides, it's like way too early for that shit."

The man sighs through the speaker. "It's for my brother, please?"

Tommy's already punching in the order, choosing to manually remember the extra espresso shots.

"If you want to poison your brother, be my guest. I just want to get paid and go home."

"I- shouldn't it be your problem if I poison my brother?"

"No. It's yours. For trying to poison him. It's six dollars and twenty eight cents."

"Six dollars?!"

"Listen, five espresso shots is a lot. They're like seventy five cents each."

"Alright, alright."

Tommy can hear a car start up so he hurries to create the poisonous drink. He can't really fault the stranger, his brother must be a dick if he wanted five espresso shots. Think of all the poor underpaid workers out there that could use the five espresso shots for themselves!

The concoction looks horribly normal, and Tommy eyes it with distrust. Even though he made the thing it didn't seem edible. Or would it be drinkable? Consumable.

He swings the window open- yes, it's an actual window because the cafe is just cool like that- and holds out the coffee.

"Is- is this edible?" Stranger asks, looking at the dark color.

Stranger has fluffy brown hair, a yellow sweater, a beanie, and wire framed glasses. But not the old ones, the cool circle ones. Tommy approved.

"Fuck if I know."

Stranger guy takes it carefully and places it into an unseen customer before holding out something.

"Here, keep the change." The Dude said, handing Tommy a twenty.

"Sir, idiot, moron, this is a drive thru."

They stared at each other.

"Do you always treat your customers like this?" Man asks, digging through something in his car.

"Only when they're being really idiotic. Or when it's late and I want to go home. You know, I don't really fucking care."

"Gee, you're a real ball of sunshine. I'm Wilbur, by the way."

"What kind of name is Wilbur? Get a good name like Tommy."

"...I take it your name is Tommy. Oh my god, where is my wallet?!"

Wilbur digs through what appears to be a mess of receipts and clothes, causing Tommy to scoff. Why was it so hard for people to just take care of their cars?! He tosses something carelessly on the passenger seat and Tommy raises his eyebrows.

"If you're thinking about robbing me for the coffee, please do. It'll be fun." Wilbur pauses to look at the gun he just tossed next to him then back at Tommy.

"I'm not going to rob you!"

"Wouldn't be the most shocking thing to happen while I was on shift." Tommy is happy to say Wilbur looks very alarmed. "Some villain once came in here and ordered a tea so I gave it to him. He looked like he needed it anyways. Plus he tipped great."

"What villain?"

"Oh, you know, just Pyro."

"Pyro. A famous supervillain. And you didn't call the police."

"Nah. He wasn't doing any harm."

"Oh my god." Wilbur groans. "Do villains come often?"

"Sometimes vigilantes do, sometimes smaller villains do. They don't do any harm and most times I don't know what they are until they give me a signature on the back of their receipts. We have a wall of fame."

"I- you- why?" Wilbur finally hands over his card, which Tommy swipes.

"Because they're cool. We're nice people, I'm not gonna turn anyone in unless they come in and start trying to rob us or something."

Why is that so hard for people to get? Human decency, ever heard of it?

"Okay. You know what? Okay. Thanks for the coffee."

"Thanks for supporting this fine establishment." Tommy tosses the card back at Wilbur and smirks when he fumbled for it.

"I'll have to tell Techno about this..."

As Wilbur drives off Tommy laughs. It's not every day he gets to terrorize customers and get away with it. It's not the owner actually cares if he does or doesn't though, Grian is a chill guy. A chill guy who may or may not be part of a villain group, but Tommy doesn't dig. He doesn't ask questions and he doesn't get fired. A win for him.

-

Tommy steps into a normal apartment, which is exactly why it isn't normal.

“You won’t believe the Absolute wanker I ran into!” He starts, pausing once nobody answers.

Normally the apartment is bustling with life and odd noises even at a time like this. Between Tubbo’s inventions and Ranboo’s cooking there was never a dull moment.

“Did they both go out?” Tommy asks the abandoned laptop.

They’ve been doing it more and more frequently. Leaving him out of things, that is. One day he’ll face them and tell them he doesn’t like it but today is not the day.

“Fucking pussy ass bitches.” He grumbles, stomping through the house. “At least that means I get the bed instead of lanky boy.”

Back up just a moment.

Tommy lives with his two best friends, Ranboo and Tubbo. The two were great. Ranboo was an excellent cook and could reach the high shelf. Tubbo was an amazing inventor and could reach the low shelf.

Ranboo was some type of hybrid, they never cared to go find out. It cost too much and they could live without knowing. The hybrid left multi-colored eyes and strange patches of black, almost scales. Being a hybrid wasn’t his real power though. His real power was teleportation. Not too bad in Tommy’s important opinion.

Then there was Tubbo, the original. The OG if you will. He was no hybrid, a quality both him and Tommy shared. Instead Tubbo had the power of an increased IQ. Now that seems stupid but don’t make the mistake of teasing him about it. Because of the IQ Tubbo had he could create inventions so amazing that the hero league wanted to buy from him.

Finally, Tommy completed their trio. Tommy needed no explanation. The biggest man ever, second only to the Angel of Death, he was incredibly great.

And that was that.

Don't tell me how to do my job

Chapter Summary

Wilbur's back.

Also Tommy's roommates are being even weirder.

Chapter Notes

Hello! I've been working a little throughout my week during school, so here you go. Just wanted to mention that there are going to be time skips between some chapters. Just a heads up! (Also wow, thanks, I didn't expect to see so much support! There will be more thanks in the ends notes though, on with the story!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy doesn't hold back the groan when Wilbur walks in the cafe. He actually walks in, not pulling up to their little drive thru.

"I'm glad to see you too." Wilbur says teasingly.

Tommy can't help but notice the laptop Wilbur sets at a table and narrows his eyes at it. That means he'll be staying a while.

"I'm not glad to see you, you bitch."

"Hm. Can I get a... grande iced coffee? Light Cream and one pump white mocha."

"This one for you? Speaking of, did your brother die? I think having an assist would be pretty cool."

"An assist?" Wilbur asked, smiling. "And no, he didn't die. And yes, the coffee is my normal order."

"Does your brother have the power to- \$3.46- survive through coffee?"

"That'd be cool but no." Wilbur hands him a ten. "This time you can actually keep the change."

"Damn, I'm honored." Tommy doesn't smile.

He gets to work making the order, making his own in the process. Wilbur doesn't have that shit of taste, Tommy himself enjoys iced coffee too. His coffee has an ungodly amount of sugar in it with his three pumps of caramel, two pumps of white mocha chocolate, and a dash of pure sugar.

"Could I get your name?" Tommy asks.

"I-" Wilbur pauses to look around the empty cafe. "There's no one else here."

"I don't go to your work and question how you do your job do I? No. Name."

"You know my name!"

"Name."

Wilbur huffs in defeat. "Wilbur."

In messy handwriting Tommy scrawls out Whillbuhr on the cup before clearing his throat.

"Wilbur?! Is there a Wilbur here?!" He yells.

"Oh my god." Wilbur groans, snatching the coffee. Upon seeing his name and the horrific spelling he groans again.

Tommy sips his own coffee while hiding a pleased smile. It's silent for only a moment before Tommy speaks up again.

"So what're you doing on that fancy laptop William?"

"It's Wilbur."

"Will."

"Wilbur."

"Wilby."

He doesn't answer.

In return, taking his ignoral in stride, Tommy clicks up the volume on the TV.

"A minor villain attack was caught on camera by a by-stander when the villain tried robbing the store. The hero The Captain stopped the attack in a matter of seconds."

The bell chimed.

"They're already televising that?" Captain asks, striding in.

Both Tommy and Wilbur snap their heads up.

"Puffy!" Tommy greets, already moving to start her normal order.

"Tommy. And-" Puffy cuts herself off. "You actually have a normal customer?"

"This guy? The weirdo in the beanie?" Tommy jabs a finger at Wilbur over his shoulder.
"Nah. My theory is that he's the worlds biggest supervillain."

"You'd be right." Wilbur says, humor lacing his voice.

"Nah. I know Dream and you're not him. Beat his ass I did."

"Tommy." Puffy sighs.

"Look here's your coffee, free of charge."

"Why does she get free coffee?!" Wilbur calls out.

Tommy sends him the finger without breaking eye contact with Puffy.

"Because you didn't save my life asshole. Anyways, Pufs. Big P. My second favorite hero.
What're you up to today?"

"I'm sorry I can't stay long to chat." She sends a glance up to the clock.

Tommy had actually noticed she was still in her hero getup. If it was him, he'd wear it all the time. She looks badass. Sick. Cool.

"Well come on. At least give me that excuse or some shit."

"Hero business. I only am getting the coffee to keep me awake through paperwork."

"I think William here is doing the same shit. Typing away on that fancy laptop."

"Excuse me, I am right here!"

"You aren't part of this conversation." Tommy leans on the counter, his back to Wilbur.

"Tommy, be nice to your customers." Puffy chides, straightening up.

"What do you mean?! I'm always nice!"

She sends him a dubious look before picking up the coffee and dropping a ten in the tip jar.
How he's acting is working out great. The Tommyinnit charm never fails!

"Bye Puffy!" He yells as she walks out. She turns and waves, then vanishes.

Perks of the job. She was one of his favorite heroes to be added to the wall of fame, a proud feature. He was in charge of the wall and meticulously arranged it to perfection. The bigger heroes and villains were in the middle with smaller on the outside. One day The Angel of Death would be right in the center.

"I should really ask her about that one day."

Wilbur gives him a weird look.

"Shut up, I was thinking."

"Care to share?" Wilbur leans back, his beanie comically slipping off his head. Just a little nudge and it'd fall.

Wilbur shoots up at the feeling of the beanie slipping off, but it's too late.

"Aw man!" He cries, scooping it up and brushing off dust.

There was no dust on it. Tommy made sure the floors were shiny. It was literally all he could do.

"No. I don't care to share." Tommy replies, unbothered. "I'm going to take a nap, wake me up if any customers come in."

"Is sleeping on the job a normal thing?"

"Piss off."

-

The door to apartment 405, Tommy's humble abode, opens with a horrible creak.

"Hey Tub-so." Tommy calls from his position on the couch.

"Is Ranboo already asleep?"

"Yeah, I came home to him passed out. I didn't know being a bagger at the grocery store was so tiring."

"Did he at least cook?"

"Mhm. Soup." Tommy pauses, considering something. "There's spaghetti in it."

Tubbo slams the fridge door shut with a groan. "Of course there is."

"Hey, where were you guys last night?" Tommy doesn't take his eyes off the TV screen to ask it, just continues shoveling the sugary cereal in his mouth. It's practically all marshmallows, but they're cool. They're in the shapes of heroes! An essential buy, obviously.

"Uh- don't worry boss man. Just- uh, just went for a walk. Boo couldn't sleep."

Ranboo sleeps like a rock. He could sleep standing up, like some horse or some shit. Tubbo's lie was flimsy, and predictable. If something was really wrong though, they would tell him.

Everything was fine and Tommy was worrying about nothing.

"I'll take the couch tonight."

"Are you sure?" Tubbo worries.

"Positive Tubs. I'm already cozy and shit."

"Okay. Goodnight Tommy. Sleep well."

"I cant control that shit." Tommy snaps back, maybe a little too harshly.

"Fine. Sleep badly then."

"I will."

Tubbo flips off the light at the same time Tommy turns the Tv off, drenching the small apartment into darkness. A few seconds later Tommy can hear the floor creak, and a door shut.

He curls up in a fetal position, trying to fit himself on the couch. Maybe saying he'll sleep badly was a bad idea.

(It totally was but you didn't hear that from him. Tommyinnit never has bad ideas.)

Chapter End Notes

I really enjoy writing this and everyone's support definitely gives me more motivation. Thank you all so much for everything, especially the kind words. I cannot wait to write more and post more!

Tommyinnit does NOT care

Chapter Notes

Sorry I'm a tad bit late, today is my homecoming! I've been so busy throughout the week, but here the chaoter is!

CW// injury, blood, medical stuff, bullet wound

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After showing up for nearly two weeks consistently, Wilbur doesn't show up to Tommy's night shifts until a week later right as he's setting up. The cafe was closed before Tommy got there, the cafe being understaffed. It's open for most of the day except for two hours before Tommy's shift and several hours after.

"You actually do work?" Wilbur asks.

Tommy had heard the bell. Logically he knew someone else was there, but he still jumps.

"Don't sneak up on someone like that." He snaps.

Then pauses, taking in Wilbur's face. To say it simply he was fucked up. A black eye and a busted lip adorned his face. Despite the clearly painful cut on his lip, Wilbur is smiling.

"Big W, what the fuck happened to you?"

"Aww, Tommy, do you care?"

"No." He retorts immediately. "I'm curious."

"Some wanker outside of a bar decided to mess with a friend. Nothing big."

"Nothing big." Tommy scoffs. "Why aren't you icing that eye? Do you know anything about any medical shit?"

Without hesitation he abandons the rag he was holding and heads back behind the counter. Wilbur was just standing there like an absolute idiot, so he waves his hand to motion him back.

"Careful Tommy, I'm starting to think you care." Wilbur says, but if Tommy hears it correctly he doesn't seem to be as teasing.

"You'll scare off all my customers."

He crouches to grab an ice pack from the fridge. People sometimes burn themselves on coffee so it's handy to keep the ice packs on hand. Tommy himself never got burnt as the coffees were too afraid to burn him.

"Here." He grumbles, handing the ice pack to Wilbur. "Keep it."

"Are you Tommy? What's my coffee order?"

"Fuck you man. I'm being nice and awesome. If the girls saw me doing this, they'd swoon to me."

"I- I don't think you're using swoon correctly."

"Look." Tommy gestures to the wall of fame. "I have an autograph from Dream. If that doesn't get the ladies, tell me what does."

"Dream? Like the super villain Dream?" It's as if a switch was flipped in Wilbur as he stalks up to the wall. Front and center, Dream's autograph flashes proudly.

"Oh yeah. He kidnapped me and owed me a favor. You know, he wasn't that bad. He gave me steak for dinner."

"Oh my god." Wilbur rubs his temples.

Was Wilbur some type of super fan? He didn't seem like it, but Tommy guesses he could be. It didn't fit in the whole Wilbur picture that was assembled in his mind but people were unpredictable.

"I know, I'm such a pog man."

"Tommy you're a child."

"Fuck you! Mother fucker bitch! I'm a man!"

"How old are you?"

"Seven fucking teen. I could clart you!"

Wilbur raises his hands in mock surrender before seeing the glare Tommy directs at him, replacing the ice pack on his eye. Has Wilbur never taken care of an injury? He's a right idiot then.

"Get out of here before I get fired." Tommy says, pushing Wilbur out. "Do you want a coffee or are you here to lurk?"

"I do not lurk! I'll take a-"

"Iced blah blah blah. I know."

Tommy doesn't miss the triumphant grin Wilbur gives him. It's not that big of a deal, it just so happens that Wilbur is apparently a regular now. Plus he doesn't get very many customers so it only makes sense to remember the ones he does get.

"What do you do on that laptop anyways?" Tommy asks.

"Filling out work papers. Nothing big. Do you like heroes, you always have this playing?" Wilbur nods to the Tv which is playing the news.

"They're alright." They were certainly more than alright but he didn't feel like going on his whole rant. Well, it was a fifty-fifty. The whole organization was stupid and pretentious and the heroes needed to be knocked down a peg, but some of them were really nice.

"Who's your favorite?" Tommy risks a glance at Wilbur to find him wearing a shit-eating grin.

"Puffy's cool. Halo is too, but they're not my favorite."

"Who is?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?"

"Yes, actually, I would." Tommy sticks his tongue out at Wilbur, not regretting a thing. "My favorite is-"

"No, let me guess." He cuts Wilbur off, giving him his full attention.

Wilbur was obviously an idiot, but his coffee taste said he was a nice guy. He seemed like the person to like Puffy, maybe even the Angel of Death. No, that was too high of an honor.

"Whisht." He settles on.

Whisht had two powers, a rare occurrence. He could go invisible and control people with his voice. But he picked Whisht because of the hero's nature to be kinder and because Whisht was alright. Just like Wilbur.

In Tommy's opinion, Whisht was kind of a pussy. But he made up the top three pro-heroes and was part of the biggest pro-hero group: the SBI.

"Okay, I guess you're not too bad at guessing things." Wilbur relents.

"Not too bad?! Bitch I nailed that!"

The coffee finally finished, and Tommy grabbed it. Before he could get the chance to yell out Wilbur's name, the man himself snatches the cup.

"Hey! Ever heard of manners?" Tommy jokes.

"Wimblur!" Wilbur cries out, reading his name on the cup. "Why?!"

"What?" Tommy asks, feigning shock. "How did that get there?"

"You little- little- gremlin!"

"I am not a gremlin!"

-

Tommy walks into his apartment happy, maybe even (dare he say it) content. For some insane reason Wilbur had secretly tipped him a hundred, and he was starting to enjoy Wilbur's company. At the very least his shifts weren't boring anymore.

Everything quickly goes to absolute shit. Dogwater perhaps. It was not pogchamp whatsoever.

Ranboo was lying on the floor with Tubbo desperately trying to wrap a bandage around his middle. His middle, where there was a hole in his side. For a moment Tommy could only stare as he felt the night's joy slip away.

"Tommy-" Ranboo gasps out, startling Tubbo as he twists around.

"Tommy! There was a fight, he was teleporting me away, I don't know what to do!"

How could a night turn sour this fast? Tommy had no medical experience beyond an ice pack and band-aids. Stupid heroes, never worrying about the people they hurt in the chase for a villain. Or maybe it was the villain who did this. Whoever did it, they weren't allowed coffee anymore.

Tommy quickly replaces Tubbo's job of wrapping gauze around the wound and keeping the blood in. He tries his best to ignore the fact it's soaking through. Ranboo would be fine.

"I got the bullet out, Google said to do that. I did everything I think, but there's so much blood!"

"Tubbo we have to take him to a hospital."

"We can't! Tommy we can't! He won't be able to work to pay for it."

"We have to! We can- we'll figure something out."

"...can you get him?"

"Of course I can get him. Let's go already!"

Chapter End Notes

Instead of the basic Siren or Whisper I chose Whisht. Now, why would I choose that?

Whisht - hush (used to demand silence)

Reverse Villain(y)

Chapter Summary

Ranboo's hurt, Wilbur's concerned, and Tommy is a-okay. Mhm, definitely.

Chapter Notes

I got a new phone so I can see more of what I'm writing and my phone won't freeze up while I write!

CW // Mentions of injuries, hospitals

Also I got twitter : @ICH0R__

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo had insisted that Tommy should go work, but he still felt bad about it. His shift would get money for the bills that would crush them. No matter what, their emergency fund wouldn't cover this.

Wilbur had flipped a chair off the table and was sitting on it outside of the cafe when Tommy arrives. He's exactly seven minutes late, but still notes the way Wilbur's shoulders sag with relief.

"Someone isn't on their A-game today." Wilbur calls out teasingly.

Tommy's always been told that he can be an open book. All his life he let his emotions display proudly on his face, using them to his advantage. That doesn't mean he's a terrible liar, but it certainly makes it harder. Right now his thoughts are a steady stream of 'Ranboo, Ranboo, is he okay, Ranboo, will we survive, this was a bad idea, Ranboo' all on repeat.

For once in his life Tommy doesn't have the energy to crack a joke. He had been talking to Wilbur for weeks now; the annoying regular turned into an almost friend. Tommy didn't expect Wilbur to be able to do anything. Hell, he didn't even know what could save them.

"Tommy? Are you okay?" Shit, he took too long to respond.

"Just... my roommate." He eventually spat out, unlocking the cafe.

"Your roommate? Did they do something?" Wilbur pushed himself off the chair, standing. He was an inch or two taller than Tommy himself.

"If you count getting shot as something then yes absolutely. Fucking heroes never care about who they injure." Unneeded venom seeps into Tommy's voice.

"Please tell me that you took them to a hospital."

"Obviously. Him getting shot isn't the problem here."

Coffee is much needed here. Not his normal iced, he needs stronger. Ha, like alcohol. Except Tommy would never become a wrongen like those alcoholics.

But of course the coffee machine, the only thing people come to the cafe for, is broken. Fuck that, what ignorant bitch decided not to tell anyone it was broken?!

"Hero insurance should cover it though, so it'll be okay." Wilbur tries. They don't have hero insurance, it was more worth it to run the risk. "You do have hero insurance, right?"

"Yeah big man. Of course. Just worried and all. Taxes."

"...Tommy."

"It's expensive! It was either pay for insurance or have an apartment."

He'll have to tell Grian to call their mechanic, Mumbo Jumbo.

"I'm not- Tommy, that's okay. No judgement here."

"That's good because I'd fight you. Proper pound you into the ground. Maybe I could become a villain. Ask Dream for some advice."

"You aren't going to become a villain."

"I'd make a great villain. Fuck all those dickheads. I could be a reverse villain and villain the other villains."

"A vigilante?"

"No. A reverse villain."

"Okay." Wilbur sighs. For a guy that couldn't be over thirty he sure does sigh a lot. Tommy thinks he read somewhere once that if you sigh more then you're more likely to die at a young age. "What's your roommate like?"

"Oh Ranboo? He's great. Apart from the whole spaghetti in soup thing he's on right now, I'd say he's a great roommate. If you've even been to Scar's Grocers a few streets away, he's the bagger."

"The- fuck, uh- the tall kid!"

"Yup." He pops the "p". "Then Tubbo, our other roommate, is always inventing stuff. Sometimes he can keep us up late but after I got this job that wasn't really a problem

anymore."

For a moment he remembers the way they've been acting weird and definitely keeping something from him. He's sure it's all fine though so he shakes his head to rid the thoughts.

"I don't think that's healthy." Wilbur says, nodding to the apple in Tommy's hands.

It was clearly old and the red had faded into spots where it's almost yellow. Truthfully Tommy agreed with Wilbur, but just to spite him he takes a bite. Almost immediately something sour hits his tastebuds and he spits it out onto his hand.

"Don't say a word." He mumbles, throwing it in garbage underneath the counter.

"I didn't! How old are your roommates?"

Tommy stiffens. Wilbur wasn't pushing anything yet, but they were three minors living alone. If he tried to separate them... he mentally bares his teeth. It wouldn't be the first time he had to terrorize someone.

"Tubbo is my age, a few months younger." He relents.

"And, ah, Ranboo? Right?"

"Yeah. He's um, maybe a few months older than me."

"Eighteen right?" Wilbur says it in a way that means he already knows Ranboo isn't eighteen. At Tommy's failure to respond he runs a hand through his hair. "I'm going to grey!"

"Going to?" Tommy scoffs. "You're already greying."

"Tommy!"

"Yeah? Oh hey, look, the news are going over some fight."

He smoothly transitions to another topic, clicking the volume up until there's no arguing. Wilbur shakes his head, seemingly learning that Tommy can and will do anything to get out of an uncomfortable conversation.

"It's been confirmed that heroes engaged in a battle where they fought two vigilantes. Reports confirm that bullets flew, guided by magnetron himself. Magnetron and Micheal McChill confronted the vigilantes Opia and Paralain. Opia ended the fight by using his powers to supposedly teleport the duo away, or make them invisible."

Tommy's phone chimes with the special ringtone he set as Tubbo. The text message contains only two words: He's Awake. It's followed by a: Stay At Work. He responds 'No fucking way.'

The Tv is still droning on as Tommy begins the motions of closing up again. He's thankful for the lack of actual customers today because it is far from closing time and explaining he's

closing early without boss orders would be a hassle. But Wilbur is Wilbur, so of course he would understand.

"Closing up, Ranboo's up." Tommy says quickly, ushering the brunet out.

"Let me walk with you to the hospital. It is still late at night and you worry me." Wilbur sends him a pleading look as he locks the door, tucking his hands into his pockets.

Tommy glances at Wilbur. What harm could it do? Besides, the distance to the hospital was far greater than the distance to his apartment. And he hadn't perfected avoiding dark alleyways in the route yet. At the very least Wilbur could die with him.

"You better be a fast fucking walker then."

"I'm the fastest in my entire family. Perfected the art of speed walking."

"Must be a small family then." Wilbur makes a noise of protest, and Tommy knows he's got him hook, line, and sinker. He doesn't know much about Wilbur's family, just the caffeine fueled brother.

"Legal it's just me, my brother, and my dad, but I have a lot more people that are like family to me."

"Who would want to be around a madman like you?"

"Okay, so says the child. Phil knows quite a few people that are close to the family. They are family. We have our aunt, um, Cara, for example."

"I'm not a child, thank you. Phil your dad?"

"Yeah. Adopted both me and my brother actually."

"No shit?" Tommy raises his eyebrows.

It wasn't like he was ever in the foster system, but Ranboo was. Tommy just ran away before they could put him in that wretched system. The streets were where he met Tubbo, Ranboo finding them shortly after, and the rest is history.

"Oh, Techno and I aren't related through blood either." Wilbur clarifies. "Befriended each other through the system. Or, well, I was the thorn in his side."

"Did you have just as bad fashion taste as you do now?"

"Hey!" Wilbur moves to ruffle his hair but Tommy dodges it before he can, throwing a smirk his way.

"I was just asking!"

In front of them the hospital looms. One of those windows, or maybe not, holds Ranboo. Who Tommy is going to kill by the way. It's just like stupid Ranboo to go and get shot.

Ranboob. He has a name that's just begging to be shot Anyways. He's- it's- it's fine.

Tommy never liked hospitals. They're boring and plain, full of sick people. Not only that but they stink of death. Well he can't smell it but it's definitely there. It ranges from smoke to blood, rotting flesh to cold skin. He isn't afraid of death—everyone ends up in the same place at the end—but dying before he had a midlife crisis was not the plan. Wait a minute.

"Wilbur, what if this is my midlife crisis?"

"It's not, because you won't die at 34. You'd live forever just to spite me."

But Wilbur, being faced with crippling debt sounds like a midlife crisis. Tommy doesn't voice this but he definitely thinks it.

"You're right." He voices. "And then I'd terrorize your family for years to come."

The sterile building doors are right in front of them now. As they step up to the doors they open automatically. Cold air greets Tommy's skin and he scowls. Why is it so fucking cold? Are they trying to freeze their patients?

"Guess I'm here. Thanks for walking me, yeah?"

"Oh." Wilbur blinks as if he hadn't realized where they were. "Yeah of course. Um, I hope your roommate gets better."

"Thanks?"

They awkwardly stare at each other before Tommy decides fuck it and walks away.

-

"RANBOO YOU'RE SO DEAD."

"uh-"

-

"I'd like to pay for a patient's complete medical bills. He was injured during a hero fight, and the heroes want to make it up to him."

"Patient name?"

"Ranboo."

Chapter End Notes

Again go follow my twitter and feed my god complex thanks /j

Wilbur is a pussy

Chapter Summary

Ranboo heals with the vigilance of Tubbo.
Tommy comes to his own decisions about Wilbur.

Also Whisht.

Chapter Notes

It's 2:06 AM I should be sleeping and not posting this. Anyways go listen to Pebble Brain by Lovejoy

TW // mentions of Injury/getting shot. That should be it :)

Also! One part of this will be really weird and probably won't make much sense but that's because it has to do with Tommy's powers. I don't want them revealed yet, so I'm being vague. Trust me, you'll understand in the future.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tubbo was hovering over an afraid looking Ranboo. Tommy wishes it was something like Tubbo's threats. However worrying the threats were, he would never follow through on killing them. No this was something much, much worse. Tubbo was acting like a worried mum.

"Are you positive you don't need anything? Water? Food?"

Ranboo looks over at Tommy perched on the arm of the chair, mouthing 'help me'.

"Tubbo man, I think he might want to sleep?"

"He was shot! He needs to be mothered!"

"Actually I was wondering more about the hospital bills."

"We can take care of that." Tommy says, waving his hand in the air.

Tommy actually agrees with his own words here. Ranboo doesn't need to worry about anything to do with money because they can get it all figured out. Ranboo doesn't have to worry because everything will be fine.

He looks like he wants to protest but because he's Ranboo, he stays quiet.

"That's not a problem anymore." Tubbo says cheerfully, and Tommy falls off the couch.

"Don't tell me you robbed a bank."

"My man, you did crime?! Without me?!"

Both Ranboo and Tommy speak at the same time.

"What? Oh, no. Some hero heard that Ranboo got hurt during a hero fight and paid off the bills."

Ranboo bursts into a violent coughing fit and Tommy stands up from the ground. How did a hero hear about Ranboo? The only one who would know other than the three of them but Wilbur was no hero.

Wilbur was simply Wilbur. So how the fuck did someone hear about Ranboo? They were three illegal teenagers living in a shifty apartment building in a bad part of the city. To say it easily, if a hero found out their life wouldn't get any easier.

The only explanation was Wilbur, but why would he pose as a hero? Tommy's brain was hurting like all hell.

"Tubbo." He said, interrupting whatever he was saying. "I need your brain for a minute."

"Interrupting someone is rude Tommy." Tubbo sighs. "But sure."

"I told Wilbur about Ranboo." Tommy explains. "And then Wilbur walked me to the hospital because he's kind and shit. But then we find out Ranboo's medical bills are paid. So how does that make sense? It doesn't."

"Wilbur?" Tubbo asks. Tommy almost forgot how slow he could be.

"Coffee shop guys. New regular. Coffee of Death."

"Okay, go on."

"That's it. I mean Puffy was a bit weird around him but that's the only hero connection I know."

"Puffy?"

"The Captain. Come on! Brain work! What if, oh my god, Puffy had to have known Wilbur! What if Wilbur talked to her?!"

That was it. It made all sense now!

"Okay. Makes sense." Tubbo shrugs, and Tommy relaxes.

"Thanks for the brain power."

"Technically I didn't do anything there."

"That was too weird for me to make sense of right now. I'm going to bed." Ranboo groans.

"And I am going to thank Wilbur at the cafe tonight."

"Tommy innit thanking someone? That's a first."

"Alright dickhead!"

-

The bell chimes it's normal happy tune, prompting Tommy to look up. It isn't like Wilbur to be late. Couldn't the man be here when Tommy is trying to thank him?

It isn't Wilbur that strides through the door but Whisht. His trench coat is slightly fluttering in the wind, and he looks tired. He wouldn't be the first hero to come in after a long day.

"Whisht, right?" Tommy greets, hand closing around the coffee he was drinking.

"Oh, uh, yeah." He clears his throat. "That's me."

"What can I get you?"

Whisht pauses, and Tommy waits. The man seemed a little confused but Tommy didn't know what the man had done today. He could've saved the entire city, who knows.

"As much espresso as you possibly can."

Oh, not again. This dude is like Wilbur. Was it some type of test? To see if he'll break a law for a hero?

"Today's the day where I throw out all the espresso shots. I have a bin of like fifty if you want it." Tommy says, going with the truth.

"Oh really?" Whisht perks up. "That's great, maybe Blade won't kill me!"

"Sweet. If you give me an autograph for the wall of fame then I can give you it all for free or whatever."

"Isn't that low-key illegal?"

"High-key, but yeah." Tommy shrugs. "Grian, my boss, said that it was cool if I gave people free stuff for the wall of fame."

"I... I don't think I want to question it."

He nods. "You're right, you don't."

Tommy heads to the back storeroom to grab the box. It's still sealed because not everyone wants to kill themselves with coffee. But it was well known that Blade, The Blade, was

immortal. The current theory on him was he had super strength, immortality, and super stamina. Maybe a hybrid or some shit.

He drops the box on the counter with a thud, letting it announce his presence. Whisht stared at it with widened eyes.

"That's all expresso shots? Pure caffeine?"

"Yup. This is what we call death."

Whisht signs the blank receipt and Tommy pins it up on the wall behind him, two receipts away from the middle. Did Wilbur influence the decision? Maybe.

"Thank you." Whisht says.

"Of course. Have a good day!"

After Whisht leaves, lugging his box of expresso shots, Tommy takes a seat at one of the tables to wait. Would Wilbur ghost him after saving him from crippling debt? He wants to say it would be a dick move but Wilbur did save him from hospital bills.

Is Wilbur a friend? Truthfully Tommy wants him to be. It would be nice to have friends other than Tubbo and Ranboo, who are keeping secrets from him. Wilbur was funny. Wilbur was, well, he was Wilbur.

He would make a good friend and Tommy was going to force them to be friends, wanted or not.

Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed

Two social interactions! A new record!

Chapter Summary

Finally there's some Mumbo Jumbo and Grian action! (Yes I read that one comment, this is for you)
Also Tommy meets Technoblade.

Chapter Notes

Someone asked for more Grian/hermit interactions so here's this.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The news lady was droning on and on about some vigilantes being missing, possibly arrested. Tommy wasn't paying attention to that though. Instead he was busy making the mechanic's, best friend of the owner, Mumbo Jumbo's, life hell.

A screw rolled away from Mumbo's hands, prompting Mumbo to groan in annoyance.

"Tommy." He snaps.

The boy in question only swings his legs from where he's sitting on top of the counter.

"What? I'm miles away, how could I mess with that screw?"

"Don't make me pull out potato man."

Their gazes both flickered to the half rotting potato that has a face drawn on in sharpie. Mumbo claimed it helped him figure out what to do and how to fix things.

"I'm petrified." He deadpans.

"Potato man should become a permanent staple around here." Grian says, walking out from the storage room. "I quite like him."

"That's good because-" Mumbo shuffled around in his bag, "-I brought you this!"

He's holding up a potato man stuffed animal. The eyes comically pop out of its head, and the limbs dangle from its body. Head, body, they're all the same thing.

Not only does it look stupid but soft. Tommy... wants to touch it.

"That's stupid." He says as Grian takes the stuffed animal.

"Do you not want yours then?" Mumbo holds up another which Tommy snatches.

"Don't be stupid."

"Of course Tommy."

Potato man was indeed soft. As Tommy sent the full power of his love to it, Grian sighed.

"Alright, I have to head out. I'm working on my newest mega build and a store came into stock of the figurines I needed." Grian says, checking a pocket watch.

"The rare charged creeper and stuff?" Tommy asks. Contrary to popular belief he did actually listen when they talked.

"For the magical men-get-ray." Mumbo finishes.

"Menagerie." Grian corrects.

"...that's what I said."

"Well I'll be heading out then. Tommy, for the love of god please don't torture Mumbo anymore."

"What? Me? I'm doing nothing!" He protests, painting an innocent look on his face.

"Don't trust the kid." Mumbo teases back.

"I am totally trustworthy and epic!"

The two engage in a playful fight, Tommy still hugging his potato man. Despite him being focused on Mumbo, he was also thinking of Wilbur. Maybe he shouldn't thank him, if he's ignoring him. Maybe Wilbur doesn't want to be thanked.

Which Tommy thinks is stupid. If he did something good—something amazing—he would want all the girls to thank him. No, Wilbur was being a pussy. That seemed about right.

"Is something on your mind, Tommy?" Mumbo asks, apparently noticing his lack of enthusiasm.

And for once, Tommy tells the truth. "Yeah."

"I have an open ear! Not that it can close, but you know."

Tommy laughs but it's half-hearted at best. The big man himself was never great with talking about his feelings. Others? Sure, he can deal with those easily. Not his own.

"Someone did something nice for me but I can't thank them because they're avoiding me." He purposefully leaves out details, generalizing a little bit.

"Well maybe they don't want to be thanked."

"Well that's just fucking stupid!"

"Tommy." Mumbo chastises. "Maybe the person doesn't see it as a big deal, maybe it's just another thing they did. But they know you're going to thank them so they don't want that."

In that moment Tommy knew that Mumbo just wasn't going to get it. So he left the conversation as it was. The favor was huge, ridiculously huge. There was no way it couldn't be a big deal. Unless Wilbur was rich, but he didn't act all stuck up.

But maybe Mumbo did know what he was talking about. He wasn't going to thank Wilbur. Show his gratitude in other ways, yes, but not outwardly thank him. Slowly, Tommy began to hatch a master plan.

-

Four days later the bell chimed with the entrance of someone Tommy had never seen before. The man's long hair was in a braid that went down his back, but it was also pink. Pointed and fluffy ears poke out slightly from the hair, hinting that he was a hybrid of some sort. His eyes matched his hair; light pink.

"Hello." The man said. His voice was monotone, but there was an undertone of worry in it.

"Hello! What can I get for you today?" This definitely isn't the weirdest customer today.

"Uh, a black coffee with as many expresso shots as I can get and a grande iced coffee, light cream and one pump white mocha." At the familiar order Tommy's head shot up.

This guy was ordering Wilbur's coffee, and the coffee he normally ordered for his brother. It all clicked together in Tommy's mind.

"Techno!" He cries.

"Um- no?"

"Techno-" gods, what was the last part of the name? "-Technoblade! Big T! Where the fuck has Wilbur been?!"

"Oh. That's actually why I'm here. He's been in one of his moods."

Tommy nods, wise to the Wilbur moods.

"And he's always talkin' about you so I figured you could cheer him up."

Tommy looked Technoblade up and down while preparing the coffees. The man was wearing black dress pants and one of those frilly old fashioned dress shirts. A singular earring dangled from one ear, an emerald by the looks of it. If he wasn't careful someone might steal it.

Was he really about to do whatever this dude wanted for Wilbur? Who was he kidding, of course he was. Hell yeah.

"Alright." He slides the two coffee's to Technoblade, his name scrawled on the side.

"How- how much?"

Step one.

"Free, last coffee is always free."

"Last coffee?"

"Boss man, you came right before closing."

Technoblade glances around, ears flicking when he notices the chairs on tables. Of course the free coffee thing was a complete lie but how would he know?

"Listen, I'm not kidnapping you or anything but you'll have to get in my car."

"Meh. I don't care if you kidnap me, I need a little spice in my life."

"Kid, I don't think that's a healthy mindset."

"I am not a kid! You're the one with a weird fucking name you fucking- fucking bastard!"

Techno only sighs, shoulders dropping.

"Oh god, you really are a gremlin."

After a deep inhale Tommy resumes cussing the taller out.

Chapter End Notes

Hope y'all enjoyed! I already have the next few chapters written so I might do a double update, who knows.

Technoblade Learns How to Like an Orphan

Chapter Summary

Technoblade bonding time, FINALLY.
Welcome Wilbur back to the stage.
And finally a little bit of Phil.

Chapter Notes

Yesterday was my sisters graduation and today I'm heading out for a trip B)

//mentions/implied (?) abuse

(I SWEAR PHIL IS BEST PARENT)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Don't touch that. And put on your seatbelt, if we get into a crash it's not me who will die."

"Bitch I won't die either."

"Yes, Tommy, you would."

"I would simply say no, not today. Have a good day death."

Tommy reaches out to turn on the radio again, but Techno beats him to it and slaps his hand away.

"Don't touch the radio."

"Don't touch the radio, wear a seatbelt, mememe," Tommy parrots back, "you sound like a mother. Mother Technoblade."

"Just- it's just Techno."

"Listen here Technological warfare-"

"I'm going to crash this car on purpose."

"Do it, no balls."

Techno's hands tightened on the wheel ever so slightly before loosening. Tommy relents and leans back to enjoy the car. It was a rich man's car, that was obvious. The interior was all leather, windows were tinted, rode smoothly, and the paint was black. The rims were black too. If they were brothers did Wilbur have this much money too?

Rich people are meant to act arrogant and stuck up so Tommy can tell who they are. Exploitation; act all chummy to get their money. Now Tommy wouldn't say he's a fraud or is tricking anyone. That was just a little bit far. He just lays on the whole "im an orphan and a kid" thing a little thicker. No lies, no harm, no foul. Whatever a foul is.

He opens his mouth to ask, but,

"Don't." Techno says. "Don't ask whatever you're about to ask."

"I just wanted to know what a foul is!"

"This was such a bad idea. But no, dad had to talk me into it."

"Y'all have a dad? Weak."

For whatever reason Techno seems to come to attention at that. It was just a joke, Jeez. If he was traumatized about It he wouldn't be joking.

Okay maybe he would but he's not traumatized by it.

"Are you an orphan?"

"...nooo?" Even to him it sounds weak.

"Wilbur is friends with an orphan child. This is double betrayal."

"Hey! I get you all the expresso shots, this is slander!"

"-and after all I've done for him-"

"I illegally give you expresso!"

"-I backed him up on the PhilzA thing, allow him to sleep in my room whenever he wants-"

"Oh my god are you even listening?"

"-then all those times-"

"I'll commit illegal things. I do illegal things. I once got kidnapped by Dream and then I didn't use my ninja powers to stop him."

"-I'm sorry what?"

"Oh of course you listen to me now! You selfish prick!"

"Tommy did you just say you got kidnapped by Dream?"

"Why yes I did. He was nicer than you, too! He can make a good steak."

"I..." Techno trails off into a sigh. "Fine, then put on the radio."

He cheers in victory, clicking it on. He navigates to his personal favorite station, the one he memorized long ago, a station he likes to call the hidden gems.

The ride dissolves into a calmer atmosphere and Tommy could swear he catches Techno humming to a few songs. Everything considered, Tommy thinks he likes Techno. The man isn't too bad.

-

They weren't headed towards the middle of the city where the rich lived. Instead Techno drove the car out of the city and along paths through trees. Light filtered in through the leaves, making everything a light shade of green. Gaps between trees would occasionally reveal wildlife Tommy had never gotten the chance to see before. Deer, for example, were frequent. He found himself studying their hoofs and up to the magnificent antlers.

He was almost sad when they finally reached the house. Any trace amounts of sadness were immediately wiped away upon actually taking in the house. It was, well, rich. Despite the fact it clearly cost thousands—a million maybe—it was cozy looking. Well-loved and well-lived in.

"Are you going to come in or just stare at it?" Techno asks, already standing outside the door.

Tommy fumbles with the door and almost falls on the gravel with his haste to get out.

"I was not staring at it!"

"Sure you weren't. Come on, Wills probably hiding out in his room or something."

The interior of the house shows no fancy rich people paintings or sculptures. In fact, Tommy thinks he catches a glimpse of a framed Minecraft screenshot.

Faint sounds of a guitar floats throughout the house, growing louder as they walk. The melody is soft and sad. Not something Tommy would normally listen to but it didn't sound bad.

Techno knocks on a door when the music is at its loudest and the guitar stops. It swings open, startling Tommy into taking a step back. Wilbur's hair is disheveled and his glasses are missing but the prick still has his stupid style.

"Tech- Tommy?!"

"Your brother kidnapped me. What're you doing in here?" Without waiting for an answer he pushes past Wilbur and waltzes into the room.

It's a bedroom. The bed is pushed up to a corner, a desk opposite it. A guitar lays on the bed and Tommy raises an eyebrow.

"You didn't tell me you play guitar!" Tommy turns around to see Wilbur having a staring contest with Technoblade.

"Uh?"

"Technoblade you are in so much trouble. Dad will-"

"Dad encouraged me to do this. I like him, by the way."

"YOU LIKE HIM?!"

"YOU LIKE ME?!"

"Yeah. Good kid."

Wilbur resumes his yelling and Tommy sighs. He had watched people play guitar, it couldn't be that hard right? Okay so maybe he used to have dreams of learning guitar but they quickly died. Not before he memorized how to play the able sisters though!

"Will!" He whines. "I want to hear you play!"

Tommy glares at his back. Over Wilbur's shoulder Techno raises his stupid eyebrows and nudges Wilbur.

"Are you going to continue yelling at me or stop stalling and talk to Tommy?"

"I'm- I am not stalling!" Wilbur turns around to face Tommy. "Toms! It was very irresponsible of you to get into a car with Techno."

"Eh, it worked out."

Wilbur sighs and shakes his head, making Tommy light up. Okay he definitely missed this. He missed Wilbur.

"Can I hear you play?!"

"Sure, why not?"

The song he plays is an absolute bop. Nothing like the slow melody that had played earlier.

"Big man that was amazing!" Tommy yells, looking up from where he's sitting on the floor. Wilbur had grabbed the chair from his desk and was sitting in that to play.

"I didn't make it, it's called Daniel in the Den. By Bastille."

"So you make songs?! Why didn't you tell me this before?!"

"Well you didn't ask! Dad's not home so you can't meet him yet, but we can watch a movie while we wait for him."

Tommy narrowed his eyes, catching on quickly. Wilbur was trying to make sure Tommy had no time to thank him. If he was just going to continue doing this then he best blurt it out and get it done with.

"Sounds cool. And thanks by the way."

"I- what? Thanks? Haha, for what?" Tommy burst into laughter.

"Dont sound so nervous! I mean, you must've told Puffy about Boo, yeah?"

"Oh. Oh! Yeah, that was, uh, I did that. How did you know I knew her?"

"You two were weird around each other, it wasn't that hard to figure it out."

"Oh." Wilbur nods, accepting his explanation. "So what movie do you want to watch?"

"Do you have Up?"

-

Exactly one hour and thirty-six minutes later Wilbur is crying while Tommy is slightly teary-eyed. His eyes are just sweating, that's all. The living room was hot.

At one point Techno had wandered into the living room with them and was currently staring at Wilbur.

"How aren't you crying?" Wilbur wonders softly, causing Techno to snort.

"I'm stronger than you."

"You don't have a heart." Tommy declares.

"Probably not." Techno agrees easily, ignoring Tommy's clear insult.

The front door clicks and creaks open, a shout echoing throughout the house.

"Boys! I'm home!"

Not missing a beat Wilbur yells back, "We have company!"

There's a rustle then footsteps. Tommy quickly wipes the sweat from his eyes and casts a wary glance behind the couch.

A man with long hair tied back into a ponytail walks into their little scene. The hair's tied back with a green ribbon but that isn't what catches Tommy's eyes. It's his clothes. He's wearing a striped bucket hat and socks with sandals. Not only that because he's wearing some type of green toga shit.

"Ah! You must be Tommy! Will's told me a lot about you." Tommy blinks at him. "I'm Phil. It's nice to finally meet you! You would not believe how many stories I've heard."

Stories? Wilbur hadn't told him many stories about Phil apart from... well. Tommy never was known for saying kind things was he?

"Wilbur said you're slow."

"I did not!" Wilbur shouts in alarm, sitting up. One of the five blankets he piled on him falls off, landing harmlessly on the floor.

With wide eyes Tommy risks a glance over at him. Why was Wilbur so scared? Wilbur really didn't talk about Phil much, maybe there was a reason for that. Sure he seemed nice enough so far, and the house was crazy, but Tommy knew evil people could hide behind the kindest faces.

Grian was a rare person. Someone who was genuinely kind. Sure, Tommy had his suspicions about illegal activities but that was that. Grian never gave a reason to distrust, only to trust. Sometimes villains were the most trustworthy people.

"Wilbur's probably the slowest out of all of us." Phil says with a smile.

"I dunno, he didn't seem slow when walking me to the hospital." Hostility is clearly shown in Tommy's tone and he can tell it surprises Phil and Wilbur. Techno still has no expression like the monotone bitch he is.

"Would you like to stay for breakfast?" Phil kindly invites, attempting to dissolve the awkwardness.

Tommy glances over at the clock and winces. Tubbo is going to be pissed if he isn't asleep. Even if he wanted to stay, which he doesn't, he couldn't. Besides, nobody here actually slept tonight. He kind of expected that from Techno and Wilbur but if the adult was awake it madd them less trustworthy.

"I have to get back to my roommates, I should probably go soon."

"I can drive you back!" Wilbur says. "Come on, if we head out now you'll make it there before dawn."

Without a second glance back Phil, Tommy follows Wilbur out of the house.

Phil was untrustworthy, he had decided that much.

Chapter End Notes

I promise Phil is 10/10 parent don't kill me.

Tommy takes back his opinions of Phil

Chapter Summary

So Tommy immediately claiming distrust upon Phil might've been the wrong opinion, but eh.

//mentions/implied (?) abuse

Again, Phil is a great father. I promise....

Chapter Notes

There is exactly 1,000 words in this chapter. Idk Phil bonding I guess?

Also Tommy's power was again used in this chapter. Any ideas of what it is yet? I hope not.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The car ride starts off silent, but when the city comes into view Wilbur starts to talk. The silence was getting uncomfortable anyways.

"Are you okay Toms?"

"Huh?" Was he okay? He was just fine, nothing was wrong with him.

"You didn't seem to like Dad."

"Well, you didn't seem to like Phil either." Tommy rebuts. 'Dad' he said. It sparks something small and bitter in his heart.

"What?"

"What?"

Wilbur glances at back at him but Tommy's looking out the window.

"Tommy, of course I like him. He's our dad— Techno and I's. Seriously, what's wrong?"

"I'm not fucking blind Will." Tommy snaps.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Tubbo, Ranboo, and I? We're three minors living alone. Don't think I don't know how to spot a bad 'un."

"A bad- Tommy, Phil's nice." Wilbur puts extra stress on the word nice as if it'll do something.

"Mhm."

"No, no, Tommy. What gave you the idea Phil would ever..."

He crosses his arms.

"Tommy. Phil is someone I want you to like, you're both important to me."

"You can let me out here if you want."

"If I want? Tommy, I am not letting you out here! This is a bad part of the city, no way are you going out here alone and in the dark."

"I don't care."

"Well I do."

Why didn't you tell me more about Phil, Wilbur? Is what he wants to ask. He can hear Wilbur take a deep breath in and release it.

"You've got to tell me why you think you can't trust Phil." Oh, of-fucking-course he knows.

Tommy gives a shrug.

Wilbur's shoulders tense and he eyes them with suspicion. Wilbur was different, just like how Techno was different. Adults were complicated and messy, they didn't like explaining things to kids. A slate above. Repeat: Grian didn't count. (Let's be honest the man doesn't act like an adult anyways).

Tommy's reminded of nights spent hiding in alleyways with Tubbo after he ran. How bruises were formed in the shapes of hands around his neck, but neither of them brought it up. Some things are best left unsaid.

"Take a, uh, left up here." He speaks up.

"The cafe is-"

"To the right, I know."

It was an olive branch. A hidden between the lines peace offering.
Wilbur takes the left.

There aren't many directions but with each one Wilbur's hands tuck into a tighter position. Was the silence killing him like it was Tommy?

"It's right there, the brown brick and cement building."

"This is where you live?"

"Yup. Not too shabby right?"

Wilbur killed the engine and they both stared at the building. One of the corners was crumbling and the 'front' doors were boarded up along with most of the windows. Graffiti littered one side but it was quite artistic.

"Okay so maybe it's a bit shabby." Tommy winces. "But I can assure you we got it completely legally. Some occupants may be drug dealers but it's a chill place. Purpled sold us the apartment. No rent, just have to give him free coffee. He doesn't come in often."

"Tommy." Wilbur sounds sad, and he hates it. He doesn't need any fucking pity.

"I'll see you at the cafe big man."

He swings himself out of the car and shuts the door, giving a salute to Wilbur as a farewell. Now one may be thinking, how do you get into the building if the doors are boarded up? There's a secret side entrance. Purpled apparently has a problem with loitering.

It was home though, and Tommy would be damned if anyone thought less of him because of it.

-

The Crafts were an odd family and Tommy couldn't help but feel like he was collecting them like Pokémon cards. Phil was examining the small menu they had. Normally people know their orders before they come here.

"Make me whatever you think I'd enjoy."

There was no way Tommy was going to put in effort for the guy, but he didn't want to be a total dick. He quickly made a black coffee, pausing before adding some milk and cream. With a second glance at the cinnamon he puts the slightest dash on top. Hardly enough to taste it.

"Three ninety-five."

Phil gives him a ten then puts the change into his tip jar. Okay, that was pretty nice. Wilbur tips better but whatever. Tommy watches as Phil takes a tentative sip before nodding and normally drinking it. Guess he wasn't too bad.

"I can see why Wilbur likes to come here. It's like the coffee is fresher, and it's a nice place."

"We're busier during the day."

"That's why I prefer the night. Much calmer."

"Also when shady people come in." Tommy says offhandedly.

"That's fair mate. So, uh, do you have any favorites?"

He's grasping at straws, Tommy can tell.

"No."

"Favorite hero maybe?"

"What's it to you?"

"Just curious."

They fall into an uncomfortable silence. Internally Tommy starts listing things he has to do to clean his apartment. Not too much but deep cleaning their couch seems like a smart idea.

"Will really likes you."

Tommy hums. What is he meant to respond to that? Yeah, I know? Thanks for telling me?

"What I'm trying to say, Tommy, is that I want you to like me."

"Well why should I, bitch?"

"I'm not saying you have to, but I'd like you to."

He scowls at Phil, debating his words. He likes no nonsense over kindness-coated words but somehow it doesn't feel like Phil is bullshitting him. Tommy sends an apology to Tubbo quickly before studying Phil properly.

It couldn't be so bad to give him a small chance. All Tommy would have to do is make it very clear he doesn't actually trust the man. Sounds good enough. Besides, Wilbur wanted them to get along. Being nice would be for Wilbur and not because he actually likes Phil.

"Fine." He huffs. "...bitch."

Chapter End Notes

Fun fact: I really enjoy reading your comments. Literally even if you put one letter in it makes me smile.

My (not) friends might be villains but that's okay

Chapter Summary

Dream, Sapnap, and 404 pay a visit to their favorite ex-victim.
Ranboo's a coward.

Chapter Notes

I stood outside in the cold for four hours and I spent all of that time thinking of story ideas.

Also, for the one person who said that there was exactly one mention of a drive thru, there are now two mentions.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Visits from Wilbur's whole family became more and more frequent. There were still times when nobody would come in to joke with him, but it was less often. Phil would pop in the most, probably on Will's orders. Techno nearly never come in but more often stopped through their drive thru, which was alright with Tommy. It hardly ever got use anyways.

Ranboo was doing much better, too. He had been up and about, even applying to a few jobs. The grocers had no choice but to fire him for missing so many days but there were no hard feelings. It was survival.

The bell chimes not once, not twice, but three times. Tommy looks up from his brooding to find the top three villains staring at him. Oh that's just great. Really, peachy.

"Uh, hi Tommy." The tallest one says.

His name is Dream, the number one villain. A porcelain mask covers his full face. On the mask is a simple smiley face. He wears black pants with way too many pockets, a black long sleeve, and a dark green T-shirt. Not bad fashion but the bitch has a sword in his hand. His powers consisted of electricity. The electricity would glow a nice green color when used and Tommy had seen it pulse through that exact sword before.

"Hey Dream. Sapnap, 404." Tommy greets the trio.

Sapnap waves at him. Specialized gloves cover his hands and a white headband pulls back his hair. He also wears black pants (again, SO MANY POCKETS) but his T-shirt is white

with a flame on it. And looks a little worse for wear to be honest. In case anyone couldn't tell by the flame on the shirt, he had fire powers.

That just leaves 404. White clout goggles are rested comfortably in his mess of brown hair. A royal cape rests around his shoulders in a light blue, his shirt white and pants also black. It was a mocking of The Blade. 404 was the least advanced in hand to hand combat, but don't be fooled. He could hack anything using his technology powers.

These three people were the most feared villains in the city, but Tommy wasn't afraid. They were nice guys anyways. Dream had personally kidnapped him! Best night of his life.

"Do you guys need to kidnap me again?" Tommy jokes, leaning forward.

"You shouldn't sound so eager." Dream huffs. "Maybe I should've kidnapped some other annoying teenager."

"Nah, y'all love me."

"Tommy!" Sapnap yells. "Can I order?!"

"No! Piss off!"

Something glows in his hands and Tommy yelps in surprise and worry.

"Sapnap we have fire alarms now!"

The flame extinguishes as fast as it appeared and he breathes a sigh of relief. That's one disaster averted.

"Anyways I'll take a medium pumpkin spice latte with a croissant, 404 will take the London fog, and Dream wants a water."

"Hey!" 404 snaps.

"Shut up you know I'm right." Sapnap snaps back.

"...How have you been?" Dream asks.

"Alright. You know, the normal. Been making some friends. Ranboo got shot, made friends with brother of a friend. Dubious on the father though-"

"Wait a minute kid. Ranboo got shot?"

"Oh yeah. He's looking for a new job now. Here's your stupid water. Who the fuck orders a water at a cafe?"

"I do. He's okay, right?"

"Yup, very pogchamp. Uh, are they gonna stop arguing to take their drinks?"

"SAPNAP! 404! STOP ACTING LIKE CHILDREN! There you go."

They stop their arguing to grab their respective drinks, and food, then resume. Tommy would never engage in such petty squabbles.

"How have you been big D?"

"I told you not to call me that. But I've been good. Just working on crime stuff. We robbed a bank last week."

"I saw but I bet I could do better."

"As if! We spent weeks planning that." Dream was... well, he seemed to be pouting.

"Dreamie!" Sapnap holds up his phone, "there's some heroes out by the West side."

"Let's go terrorize them then." 404 chimes in.

Dream hands Tommy a fifty, dipping his head slightly. In response he rolls his eyes but accepts the bill.

"Don't die or anything I need your tips." He mumbles.

"You be careful too." Dream says gently before leaving.

Tommy already knows he'll be watching the news for hours after to see what happens.

And NO. He doesn't care about Dream or Sapnap or 404. He just wants their money. Mhm.

-

"Boo, I won't let you anymore!"

"I'm fine Tubbo!"

"It's too dangerous for you."

"Oh, but not for you? You're still going to go out there every night and-"

"Ranboo." Tubbo practically growls the name out, causing Tommy to flinch. Never had he heard Tubbo speak like that before. "I'm not taking your opinion on this."

"Good because I'm not giving it. I'm giving you facts. I'm going to do what makes me happy." Good on Ranboo, sticking up for himself.

"Yeah well it got you hurt too!"

"And we both knew the risks!"

A door creaks opening and both their voices become much clearer.

"Boo-!"

"Uh, hi guys." Tommy stupidly waves.

Tubbo scoffs and pushes past him.

"I'm going out."

The door slamming rattles the entire apartment. When Tommy turns back around Ranboo is frozen in shock, anger still disappearing from his face.

"What was that about?"

"Nothing." Ranboo mumbles, bouncing on his toes. "I'm gonna- yeah, I'm gonna go back to bed."

"Wait, what was that?"

"Don't worry about it Tommy." Ranboo gives him a small smile, but Tommy can see right through it.

"You fucking assholes. I thought we were done with lying and hiding things!"

"We- we aren't hiding anything."

"Yeah. Whatever, I don't care anyways. Not like we're best friends or something."

"Tommy..."

"Go to bed Ranboo. I'm tired too."

For a single moment Tommy thinks that maybe Ranboo will tell him. Turns out hope gets him nowhere as Ranboo just nods and heads to their bedroom.

Tommy finds himself on the couch again. He's here more often than not now. Maybe it would be easier if they weren't all roommates and could go somewhere to calm down, but they can't. They live together and they have to deal with that. But if they just stopped hiding shit from him then nothing would be wrong in the first place!

Tommy punches the pitifully flat pillow before lying down on it. He can demand answers out of Tubbo whenever he decides to come back. After everything with Ranboo they still don't trust him and it hurts, but he'll force them to trust him.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you guys so much for all the comments last chapter! I didn't actually expect so many people to comment so it's kind of crazy to me. I read and loved all of them :)

Marriage (fraud?)

Chapter Summary

Tommy, Ranboo, and Tubbo finally talk about things. But don't worry, because Grian is there to deal with the shock.

Chapter Notes

Hello! Another chapter! Here you go!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Hypothetically Tommy wouldn't mind a robbery. Honestly it would just be a little spice in his normal life. A bit of sparkle if you would. And oh, he would. Anything would be better than sitting here, at his work. With both Tubbo and Ranboo.

Their trio was silent, sipping coffee and eating pastries. Most of the chairs were flipped on tables and the closed side of their sign was facing out. It was after Tommy's shift so it gave them plenty time to talk.

Now, talking wasn't something Tommy liked to do a lot. Not serious talks that is. He'd rather spend his time cracking a joke. If he was going to die then he was going to cause chaos before he did.

But unfortunately life required you to actually deal with living it. Tommy had long ago learned that life wasn't simple. No light and dark, good and evil. Grey fucking sucked. He wishes it could go back to elementary school where everything was simple. No secrets, nothing.

"Is someone- oh, okay." Ranboo cuts himself off at the withering glare Tommy gives him.

The fucker could suffer in silence for a few minutes.

Okay well actually Tommy couldn't. A few seconds would have to be good enough.

"We agreed never to keep secrets from each other."

"We aren't keeping secrets from each other!" Tubbo jumps to say. No, literally jumps. He twitches forward.

"Just from me, right?" Tommy gives him a rueful smile. "So now you can tell me."

"Tubbo, I think we should." Ranboo says quietly.

Well finally someone had some sense! Never thought he'd say this but thank god for Ranboo!

"Yeah, listen to Ranboo here. At least he's being sensible." He snaps.

There's a tense moment of silence where Tubbo refuses to look up from his lap. Ranboo sighs, drawing Tommy's eyes to him.

"Tommy we're-"

"Getting married!" Tubbo shouts.

"You're WHAT?!"

Ranboo coughs uncontrollably but Tommy can't focus on that. Was he hallucinating? Tommy liked to joke about drugs but he never would do them. Married. What the fuck?!

"We were talking about it for the tax benefits but didn't want to say anything in case it didn't work out." Tubbo continues. "But things are finally looking up!"

"Wait didn't you say Ranboo got hurt because of it?"

"Some people just don't accept gay marriage."

The fuck.

"What?"

"Tommy I just explained everything."

"What?"

"Tubbo I think he needs processing time." Ranboo finally says.

"Of course darling."

Ranboo makes a strangled sounding noise.

"Uh- Um- mhm. Yup."

"Hey guys. I think I'm going to sleep here." Tommy says, thudding his head down on the table.

"...yeah let's go." Tubbo says.

-

There's a hand on his back and a soft voice in his ear. It isn't what Tommy normally wakes up to, but it's a nice change. Although his back does still hurt.

"Tommy, are you awake?" Grian asks.

"Mmm." He hums.

"Alright. Come on, we have to get you home."

Tommy might have been 90% asleep, but that rang alarm bells in his head. Obviously Tommy wasn't an idiot so he never told Grian about his shitty apartment or slightly parentless situation.

As far as Grian was concerned Tommy wanted extra money and had free time at night. He tended to spend more time at his friends rather than his parents, was a rebellious teen, purposefully stayed out late. Grian might've had his suspicions but it was never spoken about so this was a problem.

"Tommy, where do you live?"

Hey, they were in the car! When did they get here again? But it was warm.

"Hey, no, don't fall asleep! Just one address! I am not cut out for babysitting..."

It reminds him of Technoblade and his stupid rich car.

"Okay, now you can sleep Tommy. Maybe your family won't kill me."

Yeah sounds like a plan.

-

"What do you mean I have to carry an unconscious child inside our house?!"

"That's exactly what it means."

"...am I the best man...?"

"What did he say?!"

-

"Wilbur you can get up, you have things to do."

"No I can't, leave us alone."

"Boys. I already called Wilbur in sick so you don't have to worry about that."

"Oh my god he's gripping onto my sweater."

Tommy was going to kill Ranboo and Tubbo if they didn't shut up. He actually was getting some good sleep for once.

"Shut the fuck up." He grumbles, rolling over.

He lands with a painful thud on the ground and shoots awake nearly instantly. At least he hadn't landed on his head although there was definitely going to be a bruise on his knees.

"Tommy!" Wilbur whines.

Wait, Wilbur? He runs through the last events before realizing he gave Grian Wilbur's address. Oh great.

"Ow."

"I'm cold now!" The Bitch whines again.

And suddenly Tommy remembers why he fell asleep. He rockets upward and onto his feet, a hand bracing him when he wobbles. His best friends were getting married? Right?

"Careful there, mate." Phil's humorous voice advises.

"I'm a best man! Or- or the maid of honor I guess. Whichever! For- uh, for someone!" Tommy exclaims.

"I'm sensing deja vu." A monotone voice sighs; Techno.

"What're you talking about Toms?" Wilbur asks gently.

"Tubbo and Ranboo! The pricks are getting married!"

Wilbur blinks at him slowly. "Oh." Then again, "Oh!"

"For tax benefits." Tommy adds.

"Okay. Come sleep though."

"Yes, that's how I reacted too." He nods sagely. "But I can't. I have to plan a wedding."

"Not now!" And suddenly Wilbur was back to being a whiny bitch. "You can watch documentaries with me! There's this new one out I've been wanting to watch!"

"No."

Wilbur narrows his eyes, then launches at him. Tommy lets out a very manly squeal, trying to scramble back.

Somehow Wilbur gets a good grip on his arm and fucking yanks it, forcing Tommy to fall onto the bed.

"Ow you dickhead! That hurt!"

"Shut up."

Just to spite him, Tommy stopped talking. Then he reaches down and licks the arm Wilbur has thrown over him. To his credit Wilbur doesn't remove the arm but he does cry out in disgust.

"You gremlin boy!"

"Let me go!"

"Tommy, you aren't getting free." Phil says in that stupid calming voice of his.

"I already texted Tubbo and Ranboo from your phone!" Wilbur cries out triumphantly.

"YOU DID WHAT?!"

"MAYBE YOUR PASSWORD SHOULDN'T BE 6969!"

"OI YOU TAKE THAT BACK-"

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed that as much as I enjoy your comments. ;)

Uh anyways I have to ask if you guys would rather fluff or angst because I wrote a very angst filled chapter and don't know how I feel about it. So, angst or fluff?

This is a Robbery Why Aren't You Giving Me Your Mone?

Chapter Summary

Tommy almost gets robbed and Wilbur messes up his master plan not to get robbed.

Tubbo and Ranboo don't seem to get any better but at least he has a reason now!

//attempted robbery, guns

Chapter Notes

Hello! I'm back with another chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The bell rang out, announcing that Wilbur was leaving. He had dropped Tommy off at the cafe so he could work and actually talk to his best friends.

Immediately after the bell chimes again, prompting Tommy to look up.

"I swear if you came back- oh." He stops upon seeing a man that he's never seen before.

"What can I get for you?"

"Caramel macchiato. Grande."

The second his back is turned to prepare the drink he hears a click that echoes through his brain. He finishes his drink, because he has priorities, then turns around. Of course there's a gun pointed right at his face.

"Give me all your money."

"I don't have any money dude, I'm broke as a joke."

"I meant the cash register."

"Oh. So you aren't going to pay for your drink?"

"Are you fucking crazy kid?"

"Yeah, probs. So, paying or no?"

"Uh... no?"

Tommy stared at him for a moment. "You don't seem so confident."

"To be honest I really need that coffee."

"Dude, felt." Tommy nods wisely, sliding him the coffee. "Here, on the house. You seem like you need it more than I do."

The man put the gun into his waistband and grabbed the coffee, smiling at him. Huh. What a weirdo.

"So you aren't going to call the cops?"

"Unless the gun is illegal Nah, you didn't rob me or anything."

"I got my gun license just for it. She's a beauty isn't she?"

"Who?"

"The gun." He pulls out the gun again, showing it to Tommy.

Now he's looking there seems to be flames carved into the sides. It's a nice black metal though which Tommy can appreciate.

"I don't know much about guns big man, but it seems nice." He replies honestly.

His name is Would-be Robber now. Would-be Robber nods, running a hand along the flames.

"The owner told me she was the newest model."

"Where'd you get it?" Maybe Tommy could get a gun!

Would-be robber points the gun at him again, but this time he can read the writing on the hole. Barbed Wire Guns. Yeah, that was in a very illegal area. But hey Tommy doesn't judge!

The bell chimes.

"Hey, I forgot my- Tommy!"

Would-be Robber turns around and the gun clicks, declaring the safety was removed. The gun is pointed at Wilbur.

Of course Wilbur forgot something! He's an idiot!

"Hey Will." He sighs. "I was just talking to this guy. His gun's pretty cool."

"Tommy. He was pointing a gun at you."

"Hey! Don't assume the worst! I was showing him the barrel!"

Wilbur's jaw drops open, eyes darting between Tommy and Would-be robber. Slowly he lowers his hands from being in the air. Would-be robber puts the safety on again and lowers his gun.

"Will, right? I'm Jan."

"It's Wilbur." Will replies coldly.

Would-be robber is named Jan. What kind of shit name was Jan? Jan like Jam, which is stupid.

"What a stupid name." He blurts.

"My full name is Jan ice Eckleson. My parents wanted a girl."

Tommy winces.

"That sucks."

Jan nods, then glances around awkwardly. Wilbur was glaring daggers and was completely tense. Tommy sends him a dirty look trying to tell him to relax. Poor Jan hadn't even robbed him and was robbed himself of a good name! The world was so unfair sometimes.

"Maybe you could change your name."

"That's why I was gonna rob you."

"Oh."

"Yeah. I think I'll go now..."

"Good luck?"

"Thanks?"

Jan sends an awkward wave over his left shoulder, letting the door slam shut. The second he's out of sight and silence has settled, Wilbur's launching himself at Tommy.

"You idiot! You absolute fucking idiot!" Wilbur yells. "He was going to kill you!"

"Woah," Tommy chuckles nervously, "I don't think he was trying to kill me..."

"He was going to rob you, if you had resisted—and I know you would've because you're a fucking idiot—he would've shot you!"

Tommy swats Wilbur away, forcing him to back up.

"I'm invincible, I had it all under control!"

"I don't care what you think you had under control, you're still a kid. No excuses, I'm walking you to your apartment."

"Wilburrr!"

"Shh."

Wilbur was babying him. So what?! One guy came in with a gun and now the whole world was out to get him? Yeah right. Wilbur was being an overprotective bitch. Jan didn't even fire a single bullet.

Also, why does nobody believe him about the invincibility thing? It's one time he's telling truth and nobody believes it. What bullshit!

All of this is Wilbur's fucking fault. Wilbur who forgot something and decided to come back after Tommy stopped a robbery. He was a hero but instead he got yelled at.

Such logic.

-

"Alright fuckers." He declares, swinging the door open. "I have fully come to the fact that you are getting married, and I have one question. Whose best man am I?"

From around a corner, their only corner, Tubbo pops his head out.

"Ranboo went out, but you're mine."

Ranboo went out.

Maybe it was for the wedding. Or to find a priest who would marry them. That's something that they probably need. Does it cost money to get married? Tommy's never married his many wives, he's just had them.

"Poggers." He deadpans. "What're you doing?"

"Uh- marriage stuff! Yeah! It's boring, you don't need to see it."

At the instant shutdown Tommy flounders, trying to scramble for a recovery. Tubbo was never that rude. Well, he never was before. Marriage could just be stressful, yeah, that was it. Especially with the upcoming holidays. Christmas in a single month.

Yeah, he was sure that was it.

Give Tubbo a month, then everything will be normal. A month for holiday and then the marriage.

Tommy was being paranoid. Stupidly paranoid. It wasn't like they had a perfect life and reasons to not be a little rude sometimes. Yeah, Tubbo had every right to be stressed and rude sometimes.

For now all he can do is wait, offer his help, and continue working. It was a good plan. A great plan even! And he was dead set on it. Ignoring his problems always worked out in the

end.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter might have hints of Tommy's power ;)

So now's the time to make a guess!

Fatherless behavior

Chapter Summary

Tommy gets bullied by a bunch of fatherless kids.

//bullying

Chapter Notes

I HAD FUN WRITING THIS CHAPTER

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Dude."

Tommy frowns at the group of guys in the car, but more specifically the driver who was talking to him. He was just trying to walk to work for fucks sake.

"Are you homeless or something? That's the only excuse for that bad of clothing." A blond kid laughed, high-fiving the driver.

They all looked to be in school still, maybe seventeen. American by the sounds of it. Of course it would be fucking Americans making fun of his clothes.

"I have a home." He snaps back.

The car was specifically slowed to his walking speed. These kids were targeting him for whatever reason.

"I don't know, he kind of looks like he crawled out of the sewer Noah." The third kid said. He was in the passenger side. In Tommy's defense the third kid looked like a fucking rat.

"And a kid. A fucking baby." High-five kid says.

Noah laughs, putting an arm out the window and steering with one hand. How unsafe.

"Are you a wittle baby? Mummy and daddy not love you so you went to the sewers?" They don't get to insult his dead parents. That's crossing a line. Fuck them. Fuck these bitches and fuck their car.

"I probably grew up better than you pricks did. I should be the one asking if the parents didn't love you because clearly they didn't care enough to teach their kids some fucking manners. Fatherless behavior."

High-five kid scowls and throws open his door. His exit is less than graceful seeing as the car is still moving, but oh shit he's coming after Tommy.

"GET HIM RYLS!"

Ryls books it after him and Tommy sprints down the street. He's only two blocks from the cafe but his faith in his athletic ability is very little. And Ryls seems to be fast.

The buildings turn into blurs and he whips around a corner in hopes of losing the kid. He can still hear footsteps though, so it clearly didn't work.

He looks behind him to see Ryls directly behind him, almost stepping on him. Thank god he looked back because suddenly he's flying forward and onto the ground. He was tackled. The hand he lands on saves the rest of his body, but it's already stinging from the impact.

"You're gonna pay for that." Ryls spits, pulling back his fist.

All Tommy can do is shut his eyes and hope he doesn't have too bad of a punch. When a weight is lifted off his legs though, they open again. The Blade stands there, holding Ryls a good foot off the ground.

"...Don't be a dick." The Blade finally says, dropping him.

Immediately he runs off, back in the direction of the car. The Blade turns to Tommy, and he swallows.

The Blade is a hero, but not the one known for following the code. The Blade would get his hands dirty, kill a person, fight to the death. Not to mention he had some sort of super stamina and super strength. Even the royal outfit (including a crown) was terrifying. He carries an axe! And is literally known for scarring someone with a pickaxe!

Yet now The Blade extends a hand and helps Tommy up, only frowning at the blood that gets on his hand.

"You alright?" He asks gruffly.

"Uh- yeah I'm fine."

"Who was that?" His chin is jerked in the direction that Ryls ran off in.

"Some guy who was messing with me. It was fine though! I had it under control!"

"Uh-huh."

"I did!" Tommy insists.

"Okay, kid. Be more careful."

"I am always fucking-" he stops once he realizes The Blade is already gone. "-careful." He finishes, speaking to the air.

Damn it, he didn't even get to ask for an autograph!

-

With Christmas finally being a month away he got to do his favorite thing; decorate. He couldn't decorate seriously for shit, but funny decorations were his thing. The Turkey hanging from the ceiling was beautiful.

Unfortunately for him the box of lights was a complete mess. Seriously, why does nobody properly take care of these things. (He was the last person to put them away...)

"Oh Toms!" Wilbur calls out dramatically. "What're you up to today?"

"Why should I tell you?"

"Because I asked."

Tommy flips him off and continues to stare at the lights. Wilbur whistles low and long upon seeing the jumbled ball that they turned into.

"I need to get paid more to untangle this." Tommy groans. He actually gets paid pretty well for his job, but whatever.

"Nothing in the world could convince me to untangle that, don't give me those eyes." Wilbur quickly says. "Anyways, tell me about what's been going on. How was the trip here?"

"God Wilbur, I ran into these absolute wankers." He complains, sitting down across from Wilbur. "They pulled up next to me in some car as I was walking and started insulting my fucking fashion choices! Who does that?! Then they insulted my parents so I called those dickheads very much fatherless. One of them got so mad he hopped out of the car and chased me."

Wilbur fixes him with a worried look. "Did he catch you?"

"Oh yeah. Tackled me even. Then, get this, The fucking Blade steps in! The Blade! Lifts the kid off me and petrifies him! Scared the shit right out of him!"

"And you're okay, right?"

"Never better Big Dubs."

"That's-" Wilbur stops, staring past Tommy. "Tommy."

He turns around to find the ball of lights untangling itself then stringing itself up.

"What?"

"The lights are hanging themselves up."

"Well duh, did you expect me to manually put them up?"

"Well I didn't expect you to just start using telekinesis in front of me!"

Tommy scoffs. "You underestimate my laziness bitch."

"Ah. Of course, I should've known. Tommy the Lazy."

"Tommy Lazy Innit."

Wilbur laughs at him briefly before refocusing on the lights. It wasn't that big of a deal, was it? Tommy was just revealing his powers which he had kept secret to everyone except Ranboo and Tubbo to Wilbur. Oh. Okay yeah, he can kind of see why Wilbur was freaking out here.

"So you're a telekinetic?" Wilbur asks.

"Oh." No. "Yeah." He was not. What he was wasn't something that would be safe to say.

"I-" Wilbur pauses. "That's cool."

"Gee, thanks." Tommy says, sarcasm heavy. "You really made me feel so special Will."

"I didn't mean it like that!"

"What about you? Any power I can make fun of? I bet you'd have some sort of power where you can secretly eat sand."

"Eat sand?"

"You made me watch a whole documentary and shit on it!"

"It was a good documentary!" Wilbur immediately says back, before turning a little more serious. "No powers here though. I'm cool enough already, I need to give others a chance at least."

"You're so fucking full of yourself man!"

"It's just the truth."

He sends a stuffed snowman flying at Wilbur's head. Wilbur will probably get him back but it's worth it to see him yelp in alarm and duck to avoid it.

See? He can trust Wilbur. Wilbur doesn't lie to him, doesn't keep things from him, isn't mean to him. Tommy is so fucking glad that Wilbur decided to be an idiot at the drive thru and come back. He can't help but feel a little guilty over not telling him the entire truth, but it wasn't lying. Just keeping information to himself.

As they get into a playful fight Tommy runs a finger along his palm. His completely healed palm.

Chapter End Notes

This is the last chance to guess Tommy's power....

Want a hint?

It's technically not telekinesis

Anyways thank you all for so much support on this? I feel like I don't say it enough.

Weak yet powerful

Chapter Summary

Dream is a nice human being, but Tommy's forced to face a harsh truth when Phil shows up.

//mentioned bank heist

Chapter Notes

Here it is! you will finally learn what Tommy's powers are. A lot of you had good guesses and some of you I even liked your idea better! But here we are...

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy wouldn't say he's had the best life. Sure, his optimism can flip a bad situation into a good one, but they still started as bad. But he doesn't know if he can flip this one. Wilbur coming to the cafe while a robber was failing to rob him? It could be handled. Phil coming in while Dream was there? It couldn't.

It was four days from Christmas and Tommy was working his ass off to get presents for everyone. He's never had this many people to gift things too. Despite the cost, his heart is fuller than it's ever been. Not once did he stop to think they would also get him something.

But then Dream stopped in, holding an oddly shaped box. It was wrapped in three separate wrapping papers. Dream had said each of them wanted a different paper so they just used them all. Inside was an actual bow and arrow set. He had to promise to wait for Dream to teach him how to use it, but it was fucking poggers. Tommy pulled out three different charms he got at a thrift store; a mushroom, a smile, and fire, to give to Dream and was immediately wrapped in a hug.

And that was when Phil walked in, In all his green bucket hat glory, and he stared at them. Dream had immediately pulled away but kept a protective arm around his shoulders. Now Phil was staring at him with some foreign emotion in his eyes, and Dream was resting a hand on his weapon.

"Tommy? Let's step away from the supervillain, okay?" Phil asks, breaking their silent pact. Oh. He was worried.

Tommy tucks himself further into Dream. Phil takes a staggering step back, jaw dropping open. It snaps shut when his gaze lands on the weapon on the counter, wrapping paper on the ground, and charms that Tommy is still holding.

With fearful eyes, Tommy looks at Dream. He's not that much shorter, maybe an inch or two, but right now he's never felt smaller. There's just this constant stream of Phil, Wilbur, Techno, oh no, in his brain. Blank eyes of a mask meet his.

"Leave us." Dream commands, directing his words to Phil.

"Not with a kid." Phil's quick to reply.

"Leave us or I kill you both and let the police find your bodies. I won't even claim you two."

Tommy shudders, remembering the body with no eyes and a too large smile. It was right before he met Dream. Why wasn't Phil scared? He was a normal person!

"No."

From one of Dream's many pockets, a potion is drawn out. Tommy doesn't know much about potions but the swirling red, so dark it's almost black, can't mean anything good.

When Dream steps away from him he leaps forward to grab his arm.

"Don't hurt him!"

"Why? Friend of yours?" For Phil it's probably an intimidating question, but to Tommy it isn't. It's asking permission to- No. Dream wouldn't kill him, friend or not.

"Yes!"

In a lower voice, just for Tommy, Dream speaks again. "He saw us together Tommy. He'll put a target on your back. You're a good kid, you don't deserve that."

Fuck. So what could he do?! Phil would tell someone, he would go to jail forever. Knowing Dream the idiot would try to rescue him, getting caught in the process. And Tommy would also be leaving Tubbo and Ranboo. They're still his best friends. Wilbur too! And his entire family, no matter how distrustful he was of Phil.

He had met Whisht twice. Once was ages ago, and it wasn't exactly meeting him, but he was close enough for Tommy's power to take hold. Then Whisht came into the cafe, and although Tommy hadn't taken stock of his power then he still knew he had it. He had never used it before with Whisht, but he knew he could.

When he lets go, plucking the imaginary card from the deck, strength rushes through him. It festers in his throat, a subtle yet pleasant tingling. He opens his mouth and speaks.

"Go home and forget you ever saw us." Tommy's voice is slick, coated in honey.

He can see the power take over Phil's brain, light draining from his eyes and being replaced with a glassy sheen. It was the first time Tommy saw Whist's power being used, and he didn't think he liked it.

-

Somewhere Whisht holds a hand to his throat, energy draining from him then reappearing just as quickly.

-

"Tommy." Dream says, shock evident.

Phil turns around and walks out of the cafe.

For some reason Tommy feels bad, really bad.

"You didn't have to do that. I could've-

Tommy cuts Dream off, "It's fine."

Except he isn't really sure that it is. It was the only option, he reasons. You can't just tell someone you're friends with a supervillain. And he'd prefer Phil to be alive without hating him. It was the best option.

So why does he feel like shit?

-

Tommy hates his power. He doesn't remember when he discovered how to use it, just that he's always hated it.

Back when he was around eight and still in the system he used it on another kid. He can't remember what the power he took was, but having your power sucked out of you apparently wasn't a pleasant feeling. And that was how Tommy got kicked out of that home.

Tommy compared his power to a deck of cards. At any given time he could pick the card he wanted; pick the power he wanted. But first he had to take the card from someone else. No matter how far away they were, if he had a taste of their power (seen their card, to continue to analogy), he could use it. Of course he returned it immediately though.

There were times when he didn't return it, just kept it in his little collection of cards, unactivated. For example he took the power of a guy trying to shoot him during a bank heist. It was the power of a protective shield and although he hates permanently taking powers it was useful and the prick didn't deserve it.

Tubbo's power was strange in the way that it wasn't physical and it couldn't affect others. Tommy's theory was that when he borrowed Tubbo's power the effects were decreased due to that. Tubbo said it was because he was used to it, just like Ranboo.

Whichever it was, Tommy was glad they didn't hate him for his power. He already hates himself enough for it. Even at eight he knew he was a monster.

Dream, Sapnap, and 404 were the only others they knew about his power. It was only because Tommy was originally convinced they were going to kill him and put up a protective shield then stole Sapnap's power. They somehow didn't hate him for it, Sapnap even saying it was "fucking cool dude."

But he was an abomination. He had carefully avoided the government documenting his power because he already knew it would turn out bad. People would hate him! He could steal everyone's powers! So it would stay a secret, forever.

Nobody would ever have to find out, and Tommy could live his life. His story would have a happy ending. Hopefully Whisht was asleep and had no idea that Tommy borrowed his power.

Chapter End Notes

I was on vacation for the entire week and decided to procrastinate posting this chapter. Hope you enjoyed!

Hey! It's Christmas!

Chapter Summary

It's Christmas! Everything is wonderful! (No really, it's all happy)

// brief implied child abuse

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas! (Or if you don't celebrate Christmas, happy winter break!) Enjoy this chapter because it just so happened that it lined up great.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The day of December 25th, Tommy woke up warm. That was already the best way to start the day and he knew it could only go up. Ninety percent of the time the heat didn't work or barely worked, but today was the ten percent.

Beside him Ranboo was breathing steadily, still asleep. Tubbo had thrown himself over them all sometime in the night, a knee digging into Tommy's side and head cuddling Ranboo's feet. He was always hogged the bed like this. Sure it was a little cramped but it was Christmas! Someone could offer him the world and he'd turn it down for this. Especially after everything that's happened between them all.

But he should probably get going on making them breakfast. As soon as he so much as twitches, a hand snaps out and grabs his ankle.

"Don't move unless you want to loose a foot." Tubbo snarls.

In pure fear Tommy freezes, causing Tubbo to release him again.

"But-"

"Shut up."

"I'm hungry!" He whines.

Tubbo latches onto his ankle again, nails digging in just slightly. He should've known better than to argue with a sleepy Tubbo. The prized bee boy turns into a wasp or whatever.

"Thomas fucking Innit you go back to sleep right now."

Tommy shivers, fear a cold trickle down his spine. A groan comes from the left of him. Ranboo's arm smacks him on the face, causing him to let out a very manly yelp.

"Both of you stop talking."

There's only one way out of this. It's a dangerous but a needed risk. Tommy twists and rolls out of the bed, directly onto the floor. It's only about a three inch fall so it's fine. Onto hardwood. Something oddly shaped digs into his stomach; a shoe.

"MOTHERFUC-"

"TOMMY!" Tubbo cuts him off.

-

After a while both Tubbo and Ranboo are seated at the table. Tubbo appears to be drooling on it and Ranboo's legs are stretched out to the other side, but they're both there.

"Are we sure you should be the one cooking?" Ranboo asks nervously, tapping on the table.

"It's cereal, I got this."

He carefully piles three bowls into his arms to carry over to the table. All he has to do is walk five fucking feet. What could possibly go wrong?

He trips, foot catching on a wooden plank that's barely higher than the rest.

"TOMMY!" Ranboo exclaims, hand seeming to stretch out in slow-motion.

Tubbo rockets up, cold milk giving him an unfortunate wake-up.

Oh shit. He was absolutely covered in milk and cereal, bits sticking to his now flattened hair. It was their favorite cereal, a rainbow pebble type. A knock off of fruity pebbles but it was still rainbow. And now Tubbo was one with the rainbow pebbles.

There was murder in his eyes. If Tommy was afraid of him this morning then he was terrified. No right man would be calm in the face of the Tubbo storm. Even Ranboo was inching away from the table.

So Tommy did what any person in his situation would do. "RANBOO!"

Tubbo swivels his head to see Ranboo now standing up, frozen. Tommy silently prays to everyone he's ever known.

"Ranboo."

"I-uh- it! It wasn't me!"

"Oh, I know. Do you mind holding him for me while I kill him?"

"Um, I think I do mind?"

"Ranboo."

"Oh. Okay then. Yup. I can do that."

"Ranboo!" Tommy shrieks.

"You threw me under the bus. That's your fault."

They stare at each other for a single moment. Was it worth it? If he ran, he would be caught. The wrath of Tubbo would increase tenfold. Tommy inhaled deeply, and screamed bloody murder. (He was the one getting murdered)

-

All in all, it only took them four hours to organize enough to give each other presents. The sky was dark but it was all fine. And if Tubbo still had rainbow cereal in his hair? And Tommy had dried ramen noodles because, "His hair already looked like it anyways"(-Tubbo)? Nobody had to know. Ranboo appeared to be the only one still unharmed so who cares. Well, unharmed was a bit lenient. There was tape stuck to one of his lenses on the glasses. The red one, not the green one. He looked as if wrapping paper attacked him, bits stuck on his clothing. Tommy didn't even bother to try and wrap his.

Ranboo also has tape over his sharp nails. Being a hybrid of something he has odd characteristics like that, but odd doesn't mean bad.

"Are we going to be civilized now?" Ranboo asks hesitantly.

"Of course Boo."

"Can we just give each other our fucking presents now?" Tommy huffs.

"Language." Tubbo chides. What a hypocrite! He was just cussing Tommy out two seconds ago!

"WHAT THE FUCK YOU DICKHEAD?!"

"Tubbo, um, here." Ranboo quickly says, tossing an oddly shaped gift to him.

"Ooo!" The boy exclaims, ripping it open without any hesitation.

Under all the wrapping paper is a box full of random metal bits, wires, and batteries. It was the perfect gift, Tubbo would love messing with it all. Plus it was cheap as fuck, which was possibly the best part. Suddenly Tommy feels a bit stupid about his gift.

"Thank you Boo! I already have so many ideas!"

"There was a scrap parts place by Scar's, I figured If I collected you could make something."

"Of course I can." Tubbo feverishly promises, already digging his hand into the scrap parts.

"Here. Take." Tommy mumbles, also throwing his gift at Tubbo. With his hands busy, it smacks into his face.

Tubbo blinks down at the fallen gift. It's a simple bee plush, for some reason it was also boxy. Slowly he picks it up, running a hand over the wings. Tommy knew it was soft having chosen it for that exact reason.

"...Tubbee." Tubbo finally says.

Tommy groans, mind flashing back to Tubbox. Tubbo hadn't gotten out of the box for forty-seven hours. Ranboo had to teleport him out while Tommy smashed it. Although, it does make him happy. Knowing that Tubbo likes it that much.

"It's Ranboo's turn now." Tommy decides.

Just like he did with Tubbo, he launches it forcefully at his face. It hits Ranboo's nose and drops.

"Ow!" Both of his hands go up to clutch at his nose.

"It's not that thick, don't be a pussy Ranboob."

"It's," he glances down at the fallen book, "A hardcover!"

"Pussy. Anyways it's another memory book! Your other one is going to fall apart and Tubbo doesn't want to clean that, so yeah."

"Oh wow, rope me into it." Tubbo huffs.

"Oh. Oh! Tommy! That's so nice of you!"

His ears burn.

"Shut up."

"Here. It's not a memory book, but they're gloves. They're meant to help hybrids with hand pain!"

All three of them stared at the obviously expensive gloves.

"On a scale of legal to illegal, how did you get these?" Ranboo asks.

"...Tommy it's your turn."

Tubbo shoves a piece of metal at him. It turns out to be a compass, spinning around in repeated circles. It was broken, not pointing to wherever North was.

"That's trippy big T." He remarks, watching it whirl.

"Whoever sold me it tried to go on about the meaning of finding your own way but fuck them, they're just a scammer. It's cool."

"Very pog." Tommy agrees.

"Here's mine." Ranboo says quietly, handing him a small red cloth.

When he unfolds it, it turns out to be a red bandana. There's a small checkered pattern in the corner of- wait a damn minute. Were those bones?!

"IS THIS A FUCKING DOG BANDANA?!"

"Well. You have a small neck and the normal ones wouldn't fit..."

"I have a small neck."

"Well yeah. I measured it."

"You measured my neck."

"Mhm. In your sleep!"

"Tommy, don't focus on the fact that it's apparently a dog bandana or that he measured your neck in your sleep." Tubbo says.

"Yeah okay. Let me just brush by that." Tommy sarcastically replies, struggling to tie it around his neck.

When it's on, with a little help from Ranboo, it turns out he was right. It's a perfect fit. Tommy does have a small neck. No matter how creepy or weird that was, it was thoughtful.

"Grian gave me the keys to the cafe as a Christmas gift and said we could break in." He suggests.

Tubbo glances over at the window where there's snow swirling down to the ground.

"How about you go and bring us food back." It's a statement, not a question.

"But it's snowing!"

"Shhh."

"I-"

"Shhhhhh."

His hand curled around the guitar pick in his pocket. Maybe he'll get lucky and run into Wilbur. Besides, he didn't want to lose the momentary perfectness between Ranboo, Tubbo, and him.

The walk to the cafe is in no way a hard one on a normal day, but today the wind was battling him. If Tommy as smart as he was, he'd say it was someone causing this. But why would a person with wind powers want to use them on him?

Then when he finally fucking gets there, the keys blow out of his hand. Just Poof! Gone! He spends a good five minutes chasing them down the street then has to do the walk of shame all the way back. Fingers numb, he unlocks the door.

It slams behind him and the air returns to being still. For a moment he has to search for the light switch before realizing the power was out. Luckily the Christmas lights are battery operated so he turns them on instead, creating cool atmospheric lighting.

They keep pre-made pastries in the back for up to two days, then donate them if nobody wants them. Apparently he had some sort of special oven that kept them from being stale for up to three days which sounded like a lot of bullshit to Tommy, but whatever works.

There's a sticky note stuck to the machine—Grian called it the UnStaler but that's stupid—from Grian.

"Merry Christmas Tommy! Hope you and your friends enjoy the sweets."

"Yeah I fucking will." He says, ripping it off. Instead of crumpling it like his natural instincts call him to, he places it in his pocket carefully then opens the machine.

There's a random assortment of things including three perfect sugar cookies. Those are definitely his pick. The rest can be donated, they don't need the sweets as much as others do.

The bell chimes, and Tommy yells in surprise.

"Is there a gremlin child in here?" Wilbur's familiar voice calls out.

"Fuck you bitch!"

Tommy wanders out from behind the counter to find Wilbur in a blue sweater leaning on a table. He's holding something behind his back with a large grin. It screams that he's up to something and Tommy narrows his eyes.

"It's Christmas Toms, can't you be a little nicer to poor ol' Wilbur?"

"No." He deadpans. Even as he says it, he reaches into his pocket for the guitar pick.
"Shouldn't you be with Phil and Techno?"

"Eh. Thought I'd see if my favorite little child would be here. Which you weren't supposed to be by the way."

"Grian said he left Ranboo, Tubs, and I cookies for Christmas." In proof, he holds one up.

"Hm. None for me?"

"You're too much of a bitch. Although..." Tommy coughs awkwardly. "I, um, got you this."

He holds out the guitar pick, and Wilbur takes it with care. It's quite simple, he only picked it out for the design. There's a killer whale swimming through a computer monitor in front of a blue background. It had a comforting feel around it, just like Wilbur.

"Aww." Wilbur coos. "Tommy! This is beautiful!"

"Yeah yeah." He looks down at the floor, eyes turning red just like they had with Tubbo and Ranboo.

"You're turning red!"

"Shut up Wilbur."

"Is Tommy embarrassed?"

"Shut the fuck up Wilbur."

"It's okay to be embarrassed."

"Shut the double fuck up Wilbur."

"I got you something too."

At that Tommy perks up, looking towards the hand that's still behind Wilbur's back. With great flourish, he reveals the item.

It's two music discs. Vinyls, actually. Tommy was admiring them at Wilbur's house the other day but didn't think Wilbur had noticed.

"I don't have a record player to play them." He admits.

"Don't worry about it. They'd complain a little if I told you but Techno and Dad got you a record player. They just didn't want me lugging all the way here in case you weren't here."

With that clarified Tommy takes the offered gifts, examining their colored centers. One has a lime green while the other is purple and white striped.

"What songs are they?"

"Oh! The purple and white one is an album called Pebble Brain and the green is called Are You Alright. Two of my favorites."

"...thank you."

"HOLY SHIT TOMMY SAYS THANK YOU? NOT CLICKBAIT?!"

Tommy winces at the sudden assault to his ears but there's no anger behind it. He's kind of thankful that Wilbur broke the awkwardness between the exchange of gifts.

"I have manners you prick! Unlike you!"

"Your ears are turning red again!" Wilbur sings out, causing Tommy to clasp his hands over his ears.

"I CAN HEAR YOU LALALALA!"

-

Wilbur drove him home and still didn't ask questions about the building. Although he did offer his coat, Tommy declined. No pity was needed here.

Ranboo and Tubbo were still up, watching a movie on the couch together.

For the first time Tommy had a good Christmas, one where his gift wasn't bruises. There was a warmth filling him. He was happy.

Chapter End Notes

I threw in a few iconic things, and this isn't all randomness. I actually did put some important stuff in here, so good luck finding it :)

Enough is Enough

Chapter Summary

Tommy's had enough of it all. Ranboo and Tubbo were still keeping their secrets, and he was doubting their marriage. Turns out he was right.

A few people take notice.

Chapter Notes

Happy New Years! I'm starting the year off right by posting a chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Walking down the street to his apartment filled Tommy with a sense of foreboding. Christmas had come and passed, yet Tubbo and Ranboo were still being weirdly distant.

Lately Ranboo has had dark circles under his eyes and Tubbo was either on his tech or gone. Honestly he couldn't even remember the last time they talked for more than two minutes. It wasn't like them at all.

He misses their old banter and jokes. When he could stroll in and casually lean on Ranboo, call out to Tubbo. Lately he's found himself opening his mouth but no words come out. Their comfortably small home went to a stifling torture chamber.

For some reason, when he reaches the door, he feels the need to knock. It's his home too, he shouldn't need to knock. His entrances may have his roommates running away but he didn't need to alert them to coming back to his own home.

Tommy yanks open the door, ignoring the protests from the old hinges. Heavy footsteps patter away; Ranboo. Tubbo stays in his spot in the kitchen.

"Hey Tommy." He greets.

An unwelcome rush of rage swelters up.

He shouldn't feel like a fucking foreigner in his own home! He shouldn't be walking on these stupid eggshells, waiting for them to break! No, Tommy was done with it.

Maybe this mood was influenced by the customer that had thrown their coffee at him earlier, but now he was feeling it. The anger was coursing through him and it would not be stopped.

"I'm done with this." He snarls. "I'm done with you two."

Tubbo's head jerks up in alarm. His hair is a mess, as if he was rolling around on the ground.

"What? Boss man, everything okay?"

"No. Everything is not okay! And don't even blame it on the stupid wedding. Is it even true?! Are you even getting married?! You know what? I. Don't. Care."

Tubbo was staring at him, open-mouthed. He could feel Ranboo hovering behind him too.

"Tommy—"

"No. I'm not done. For a while now something has been going on between you two. I gave you your fucking chance to explain, I wanted to believe it! Why would my best friends lie to me?!" Tommy laughs without joy. "Sorry, ex-best friends."

It's crazy how two little letters could change something. Tubbo's eyes immediately well up with tears and Ranboo gasps.

"Tommy, what are you saying man?" Ranboo asks.

"I'm saying that I'm leaving. I'm out of this apartment. If I have to live on the streets than do be it. It'll be better than living with you two- you two- you two assholes!"

Tommy's triumph lasts for only a brief moment because Tubbo's tears drip over. Ranboo doesn't even hesitate before heading to him and setting a hand on his shoulder. That quickly washes away any feelings of guilt, staring at that hand.

(Why wasn't he deserving of their love? What did he do?)

They didn't even deny the accusation that their wedding was fake. So was it all a lie then? No. You know what? He doesn't care. They can go fuck off if they think they're going to get him back. He'd need a serious apology and a good fucking reason.

He turns and heads to grab his meager belongings in his ratty backpack. It's just some clothes that he'll probably need. After a moment's hesitation he decides to hide the compass and bandana in the bag too. He's not attached, shut up.

"You're an independent man." He huffs to himself. "You don't need anyone."

With that he firmly zips the bag shut and swings it over his shoulder.

"Tommy, please." Tubbo begs when he passes through the kitchen.

"Tubbo, right now, tell me what you're keeping from me."

"I- I can't!"

"See? I was fine with it, when it didn't affect anything. When you didn't lie about it. But when it starts messing shit up and you can't even tell the truth to fix things? I know my worth."

It's satisfying to slam the door. Dust drifts down from the ceiling, bits of drywall flaking.

He hadn't gone home to leave, but he did. Now what? Be homeless? Or... call Wilbur? That could be pushing his kindness, and he didn't want to do that.

Without really thinking about it he starts walking. The snow was mostly melted now, but it was still cold as hell. The rising sun cast a little light over him that guided his way down the streets.

Tubbo, Ranboo, and him were meant to be forever. Just them to the end of the world. He knew he should've listened when everyone told him friendships don't last that long. When they said trios never worked.

A shadow falls over him and he glances up to see the Angel of Death swoop down and land — HOLY SHIT HES LANDING IN FRONT OF HIM!

What was he doing here?! Why was he stopping in front of Tommy?! Was this a good opportunity to ask for an autograph?! So many questions, so little answers!

"Hi." He squeaks out, awestruck. This was the actual Angel of death he was talking to!

The Angel of Death chuckles, "Hi mate. What're you doing alone so early?"

"Uh- I'm- I got into a fight with my roommates." He shrugs somewhat sheepishly. His pen is back at the cafe and he doesn't have any paper on him. Was this the worst or the best day of his life?

"Do you have somewhere to go?"

He looks down, staring at the scuff mark on his shoes. "...not really."

"No friends?"

His mind turns to Wilbur, then Techno, then Phil. Who he still feels really guilty about.

"I mean, I have one friend. But I doubt him and his family would want me there."

"I'm sure they'd love to have you."

"Really?" He stares at the Angel of Death, eyes flitting to his huge wings and back.

For some reason the green and white striped bucket hat seems really familiar. Maybe it's just because he's seen photos of it and now he's actually standing here! In the presence of the almighty Angel of Death! Who was actually quite short. Like, Phil level short.

"Of course. They wouldn't want you wandering the streets!"

That makes sense. Wilbur would kill him if he found out Tommy didn't go to him. And then Wilbur would beat himself up over it because he was stupid like that.

"You're right, Mr. Angel of Death sir."

He snickers and Tommy flushes red.

"Just call me Angel, the sir and Mr. make me feel old."

"Oh— I'm sorry Angel!"

"Don't worry about it. Just get to your friend's safe, Tommy."

"Okay, I will." Hold on. "I didn't tell you my name?"

"Yes you did, remember? When I swooped down. You said hi and introduced your self."

They stare at each other for a moment. Had he? Why would The Angel lie to him? He wouldn't, that's why. So obviously Tommy was just remembering poorly.

"Oh. Right. Sorry."

"You don't need to apologize. It's probably been a long night."

He nods numbly.

"I'll be on my way now, be safe."

Before Tommy can respond, or figure out how to respond, he's lifted to the skies. Oddly enough it's in the direction that Wilbur's house is. Probably just coincidence.

God, he hopes Wilbur won't turn him away.

-

The walk to Wilbur's is long, because of course he forgot. He doesn't mind it though. It gives him time to think over the things that he said, both to The Angel and his friends. Old friends? He doesn't want them to be his old friends.

He had said everything in the heat of the moment but all of it was true. Yeah he could've said it better, softened the blow, but it needed to be said. His mind was tearing itself apart over everything.

It was over.

Wow, that felt like such a breakup thing to say. He didn't lose the love of his life, just his best friends.

Out in the woods something snaps, like a twig. Except it didn't come from in the woods it came from behind him. Definitely shaping to be the worst day ever. If he gets fucking kidnapped...

He whirls around, gripping his powers tightly. A masked figure stands there, frozen. It wasn't any masked figure though, it was the vigilante known as Opia. The one who could teleport and was a duo with Paralian.

"What the fuck dude?" Tommy asks.

He's tall, almost Ranboo level tall. Maybe taller if he's squinting.

"Uh-" he clears his throat and when he speaks he swears it's in a lower voice. "Hi."

"What the fuck?" He repeats.

The vigilante fidgets with his gloved hands. One white and one black glove. He wore a face mask and glasses that shaded out his eyes so his identity would be protected. Moving onto his outfit it seemed to be his normal black jeans and black and white jacket. Tommy could see a black shirt peeking out from under it.

"You're walking in the middle of the woods." Opia explains.

"Yeah, so?"

"Are you okay?"

Tommy shutters. Didn't The Angel already ask him this? He stares at the dude for a moment, contemplating.

"Just peachy." He settles on.

"Oh okay. Where are you going?"

"A friends." Okay, why was he getting all up in his business?

"I can teleport, do you need—"

"Just leave me alone man."

Opia recoils, stepping back.

"Okay. I'm sorry."

He raises his hands in a placating gesture and Tommy scowls at him. After another moment Opia vanishes, the world twisting weirdly around him.

Teleporting was rare, but Ranboo was undocumented (cough cough, illegal) so not technically that rare. Ranboo was a better teleporter than this guy, he left behind cool purple particles.

Anyways, now that weird interaction was over he could continue on his way to Wilbur's. And continue begging every god he knew that he wouldn't be turned away. Because honestly? Being homeless sucks.

Chapter End Notes

So, it finally happened. The whole lying thing blew up in Tubbo and Ranboo's faces. Hope you enjoyed!

Ice cold water

Chapter Summary

Tommy turns to Wilbur, and Phil remembers.

Chapter Notes

Hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy walks up to the front door his fingers are stuffed in his thin jacket and are turning purple. He keeps sniffing which is really fucking annoying. The door yanks itself open before he can even know to reveal an eager Wilbur.

"Tommy!" He yells.

Tommy stares at the man who appears to be bouncing in place.

"Hi Will."

"Come in! Did you walk all the way here? I'll make you a hot chocolate."

Tommy steps in and shuts the door behind him. Upon finding that he's tracking snow inside he also removes his shoes and sets them with the other pairs.

"I actually have a favor to ask Big Man."

"Whatever it is, yes. Unless it's murder. Are you going to ask me to murder someone for you?"

What the fuck was going on with Wilbur.

"Are you okay?"

"Perfect! Wonderful! Techno dumped a bucket of ice-cold water on me!"

"Okay... uh, it's not murder."

"Oh, then sure."

Wow. That was really easy. Too easy, definitely, but sometimes it's nice to have simple things.

"So, I can stay with you for a while?"

"Of course! I need caffeine."

Phil waltzes in. Why on earth is the entire family up at this ridiculous time?! Tommy is used to being a night owl, but this is weird.

"No, Will, you know you're not allowed caffeine until ten."

"Ughhh. Dad!" Holy shit, Wilbur was whining! Where was his phone?! He needs to record this!

"I don't make the rules." Phil says gently.

"Actually, I think you do?" Tommy says.

"Hush."

Okay.

"Oh! Dad, Tommy's gonna stay with us for a while. Because... uh..."

"I got into a fight with my roommates." He supplies helpfully.

"That! Wait, you got into a fight with your roommates? What happened?"

Phil sighs. "He let Techno dump ice water on him again, didn't he?"

"Yeah."

"Okay. Wilbur, come on, let's get you in a warm shower."

Of course, Techno decides this is the perfect time to pop his head in.

"Hullo Tommy. Dad. And Will."

"Technoblade."

"Listen, he asked for it."

"You know you can't do that after—"

"He asked!"

Phil gives him a glare that sends shivers through Tommy's spine, and it isn't even directed at him. Somehow Techno doesn't back down from it, simply groaning and leaving the room.

"Tommy, the hot chocolate is started all you need to do is mix the powder in. I'll take care of Wilbur then be back out in a minute."

As they leave and Tommy's left alone, he thinks over what has happened in the five minutes he arrived at Wilbur's. Wilbur was acting high as fuck, Phil restricted his caffeine, Techno dumped ice water on Wilbur, and now Tommy gets hot chocolate.

Okay.

-

"I'm sorry about him mate. Since the Incident of the ice water, we aren't supposed to wake him up using that." Phil offers a kind smile, taking a seat next to him on the couch.

"The Incident of the ice water." Tommy repeats.

"Mhm. Techno thought it would be a funny prank to set up ice water buckets on all the doors for April Fool's."

When was April fools? And how could he make sure he avoided this house on that day?

"Don't worry, we banned the day in this house." Phil says, seemingly reading his mind. "So, you're staying a little while then?"

"Wilbur said I can, but if it's not okay with you I can go—"

"No, don't worry! We'd love to have you. You're welcome to stay as long as you like."

Tommy grips his hot chocolate tighter, eyes stuck on the Tv. Could he really stay as long as he liked? Or was Phil just saying it because that's what people say, but they don't actually want him in their house at all?

"Thank you." He settles on. A liar doesn't like to be called out on it, and he wasn't sure if Phil was a liar or not.

"Don't even worry about it. We're happy to have you here. Between us, Wilbur is so much more bearable with you around to dot on."

"Dot on?"

"Mother hen." He corrects, a laugh hidden in his voice.

"He does not mother hen me!"

"He made a trip in the cold on Christmas to see you." Phil points out. "He willingly let himself get ice bucketed to be awake for you, offered you hot chocolate, and didn't think twice before agreeing to anything as long as it wasn't murder."

"Well, okay but—"

No way did Wilbur mother hen him! He was just a good friend, that's all. Just a really good friend who cares about him. Like... oh shit like a mother hen.

"See?" Phil says sympathetically. He reaches out and pats Tommy on the shoulder gently. "It's okay though, he mother hens all of us."

"Oh my god." He groans, hiding his head in his hands. Tommy hates Wilbur, it's official.

"So, you got into a fight with your roommates?"

At the sudden topic change Tommy hides his face further. Thinking about Tubbo and Ranboo isn't something he wants to do right now. He's been hyper-aware of the gifts in his bags since leaving.

"They're being dicks." He declares.

"I hate when that happens. What did they do?"

"They're keeping secrets." Tommy stresses the last word.

"Ah. Secrets can tear a friendship apart." His head jerks up in alarm to stare at Phil.

"I don't want to lose them forever!" He yelps.

"You won't! I'm sure you won't!" Phil quickly backtracks. "That's why you don't keep secrets, so they need to come clean!"

"Good. Better."

Phil nods frantically and Tommy eyes him suspiciously before turning back to the TV to watch Up.

"Oh. One more thing." Phil starts again, this time sounding confused. "Have you ever seen Dream in person before? I keep getting this dream, excuse the pun, about you two."

Tommy's breath catches in his throat, momentarily forgetting to breathe. Does Phil remember? It shouldn't be possible unless Whisht had used his powers on him before and he built up an immunity.

"Nope. Must be because we're both incredibly strong men Big P."

"Don't call me Big P please."

"Big P."

Living with them just got a lot more dangerous.

I've been loving reading all your comments! I do want to say that I'm sorry I don't respond to more, but I'm awkward and don't know what to say. Just know that I read every single comment.

We're going shopping!

Chapter Summary

“Get in bitches! We’re going shopping!”

Ft. “Charles”

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Get in bitches! We're going shopping!"

"Don't get in that car."

Tommy had never wanted to follow Techno's instructions more. The sight of the death trap Wilbur was driving—not even addressing the fact that it's Wilbur who is driving—was enough to instill fear in him. And he is not a man who fears easily.

The car honks it's horn twice, the only person currently in the car enjoying it greatly. Tommy and Techno were not.

"I said, get in bitches! We're going shopping!"

Tommy turns to Techno. "Look what you've done. You let him watch Mean Girls, now we have this."

"Heh?! Me? You wanted to watch it too!"

"I did no such thing! This is all your fault!"

"Okay, guys, it's getting kind of lonely in this car. I can only listen to Tommy play the same two albums so many times, we really need to go shopping."

"No. You know I hate shopping." Techno sighs.

"And I've never been shopping."

"Which is obviously a crime. Besides, it'll be fun! We can get new clothes, courtesy of me."

"Don't let him pick out your clothes either."

In the week that Tommy's been living with the Watsons he learned a few things. Mainly they're rules about Wilbur because he is, quote, "one crazy motherfucker." The very first was no waking Wilbur up with ice water. The second was that under no circumstance was he ever to mess with Technoblade's hair supplies. Third, the Watsons did actually work. One of them was always home but more often than not one would constantly be gone. But Wednesday was movie night, so everyone was forced together for a few hours.

The main point was that they were weirdos and Tommy loved it. He could wake up (never from a nightmare, he was too epic for that) and head to the kitchen for water, and if Wilbur was there, he'd offer to play some guitar without even questioning it. If Phil was there, the man would offer up company and let them watch a movie. If Techno was there, he'd awkwardly offer to make food. They were the definition of good people. How Tommy ever distrusted Phil was beyond him.

"Technoblade, I think we might have to get into the car."

The Pink-haired man frowned. "Never admit defeat, Tommy. Sun-"

"-Tzu, the art of war, blah blah blah. Just get the fuck in." Wilbur finishes.

"If defeat gets me more music, defeat sounds pretty poggers." Tommy adds in, opening the door and sliding in.

"He'll kill you."

"I've been nothing but responsible when Tommy is in the car."

"You took me to Burger King the other day and accidentally drove on the sidewalk of a park." He points out, recalling the terrifying event with clarity.

"That was a one-time thing."

"He did that to you too?!"

"DONT LIE TO HIM TECHNO!"

-

Tommy wasn't lying when he said he's never been shopping. The most he's done of it was going to Scar's to grab something. That something most often being Ranboo, but the point still stands.

Staring at the various shops he can't help but feel like maybe he's missed something. These stores were expensive, the types that carry name brand stuff.

"Come on Toms, let's go to the record store!" Wilbur cheers.

Tommy glances over his shoulder, pausing when he doesn't see Techno.

"Wait, where is Techno?"

"Oh, he's going to the bookstore. He complains I take too long, and I complain he takes too long so dad made it a rule that we split while record and book shopping."

Why can't he just go back to believing Wilbur was normal?

He stumbles over his feet as Wilbur drags him through the shopping center to reach the small record shop. The door is bright red. Exactly how Tommy likes it.

He thought the place would smell musty like most bookstores did. Instead, it just smelt... clean. Clean air like he had never breathed in before, clean air that wasn't anywhere near his apartment. Was this what owning records got you? If so, then he was about to become the most intense fucking record collector.

"They have to keep the air in a specific condition to prevent warping." Wilbur explains. "Come on, I'll show you my favorite area."

"The dumbass area?"

"No, the gremlin section. I think you'll fit right in."

"Fuck you, you bitch boy!"

Wilbur laughs, messing with his hair. Tommy hisses, swatting him away.

"Was that a hiss?! Little raccoon Tommy?"

"Aren't we here for records?" He asks desperately.

He definitely wasn't attempting to distract him from the whole raccoon thing. Tubbo definitely doesn't have a story of him crying of 'washed' cotton candy. A sharp pang of hurt arcs through his chest at thinking of Tubbo.

"Yeah, yeah. Ever heard of Los Campesinos!?"

"Los what." A wicked grin spreads across his face. "Lost deez nuts."

"You are a child. Tiny little child. Baby."

"I can and will kill you with pure willpower."

"Baby gremlin raccoon boy." He coos.

"Uh." The cashier says.

"Sorry Charles." Wilbur sighs. "Kids. How're yours?"

"Nonexistent. And my name is Nicholas."

"Okay. Charles. So, anyways. Tommy. Knee deep at ATP is definitely an all-time favorite."

As Wilbur launches into some sort of musical rant, he makes sure to nod at the right times and pretend like he knows what the fuck Wilbur is ranting about.

Wilbur ends up buying him the Knee deep at ATP song and promises to expand his music tastes. Unfortunately, he didn't make a similar promise to spare him from clothes shopping. If it's anything like how he goes through his clothes at home—desperately trying on clothes in hopes they'll still fit—then it'll be hell.

-

Clothes shopping with Wilbur is an experience Tommy is glad to say is over. The man made him try on everything; hats to socks. He had squired a beanie that matched Wilbur's and a pair of boots like Techno's. Then Wilbur insisted on getting him at least two sweaters to go with the outfit, insisting that Tommy would look amazing in them.

Sure, they were soft, but that wasn't why he relented. It was because Wilbur suggested it.

And Tommy was still trying to make sense of the end of it all. The way Wilbur had so casually taken out his credit card, stating he was paying when Tommy stared. The boots alone must've cost over a hundred, a price that had made Tommy nervous.

But he waved it off, saying only, "You weren't wrong when you called us rich fucks the other day."

Techno had mercifully taken him to go look at some sculpture thing, steering him away from the total cost. Later, when the guilt started to eat him alive, Tommy looked for a receipt. There was none.

Either they were so rich they didn't need the free coupons on the receipt—did fancy shopping centers even have those? —or Wilbur hid it. Or, another option, Wilbur just didn't want it.

He can't say he doesn't like the items. The song has been played over thirteen times now, and he refused to take off one of the sweaters. His new boots were with Techno, who had murmured something about fixing them before taking them. There was nothing wrong with them.

If only Tubbo and Ranboo could see him now. Of course, he hadn't left them on their own. Now that he was with the Watsons and didn't need to pay for food, he slipped money under their apartment door. Two instead of three should make the burden much easier, along with Ranboo's job.

When would he go back there?

When they apologized, he decided firmly. It wasn't him that did anything wrong. If they really wanted to see him then they could come in while he was working.

With thoughts of money and his friends (ex-friends?) he dozed off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

After this chapter things are going to start happening...

They were going to happen in this chapter but a friend told me to postpone it so blame them.

Tommy has a love-hate relationship with Phil

Chapter Summary

Phil makes Tommy kind of get his life together. And then a weirdo comes in. But hey, he's kind of nice?

Chapter Notes

Enjoy this chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Because of the fact that Wilbur, Phil, and Techno all lived stupidly far away from civilization, Wilbur had to drive him to and from the Cafe. Although Tommy wasn't in danger of becoming homeless and turning into a puddle of skin and bones, he couldn't leave Grian like that. Besides, when he eventually went back to his apartment with Tubbo and Ranboo he needed to provide money.

Phil had expressed a shit ton of concern over his sleeping habits, which added to a total of 38 hours a week not including "power naps." In the end Tommy won that battle and got to go to his job.

...provided he got over five hours of sleep a day.

His hours of 10PM-4AM were permitted to remain with a one hour bit of sleep before and more afterwards. At first it was difficult to adjust to that but even he had to admit it was a lot better.

"Cassie!" He yells out.

For 1AM there were an unusual amount of people there: five. Cassie, the one he just handed a latte to, Mustache man, hoodie guy, girl with Cassie, and the dude who just walked out.

Mustache man was putting sugar in the coffee he ordered black. Tommy watches as he tosses the empty sugar packet on the counter and walks out. What a dickhead.

Cassie and her friend leave immediately after him. This leaves Tommy and the hoodie guy who had been inside for five minutes but hadn't bought anything.

Hoodie guy walks over and swipes the sugar packet into the wastebasket. At least someone has manners around here. Finally he wanders up to the register.

"Do you sell hot chocolates?"

"Yeah. One hot chocolate?"

"Please."

"That'll be \$2.12."

He gives three one dollar bills, and upon getting the change back he drops it in the tip jar. This has to be the nicest customer since Wilbur. Well, actually, Wilbur was still a joking dickhead, so he was nicer than Wilbur.

"Can I get a name for the order?" So therefore Tommy was trying to be nice in return.

"Uh, it's Ponk."

It takes all the willpower Tommy has in his body to not make a joke about his name. It takes even more to write "Ponk" and not "plonk."

"Here you go, dude."

"Thanks." Instead of going to sit down, he leans on the counter. "Do you have any friends?"

"Huh?"

Way to rub salt in a wound.

"You have the night shift. Someone your age should be partying with friends."

"Yes. I have friends. Many friends. People call me the friender because I friend so many people."

"Mhm, sure kid."

"I'm not a kid. I'm seventeen and that's a fucking man."

"Right. You know, I have a friend who's the same age as you. You might know him if you have as many friends as you say you do. Purpled?"

"PURPLED?! YOU KNOW PURPLED!?"

Ponk appeared visibly taken aback at his enthusiastic response. To be fair, Tommy had never met a single soul who knew Purpled. The guy was an enigma, practically a ghost.

"We go way back." Ponk adds.

"He's my landlord! Well, kinda. Not a good one considering he makes no money off us but whatever."

"Your landlord, you say?"

"Uh yeah. I just said that. That brown brick and cement place a few blocks away."

"The one on West Brook?"

"You know it?"

"I live there too. He's also my landlord. Technically."

What in hell's name was happening here? A guy strolls in and just happens to be his sort-of-neighbor. Right when he was about to invite Ponk to stop by some time, he remembers. As of right now he isn't living there.

"That's- uh, that's cool dude." Tommy chokes out, fumbling his words.

"Yeah. Say, Tommy, why don't we go get a drink or a bite to eat after your shift?"

How does he know his name? Oh wait, he has his name tag on today. Either way it was a bit creepy.

"I'm not twenty-one. So, uh, no thanks. Besides, my friends and I have plans." If plans count as Wilbur driving him then Tommy isn't lying.

"Bummer. I'll see you some other time then?"

Ponk flashes him a smile that reveals a gold tooth.

"Yeah. Some other time." He answers lamely.

Ponk nods and turns around, heading out of the cafe. Something was off about the guy. The second he brought up Purpled there seemed to be a shift in his attitude, more insistence on becoming friends. And inviting him out to drink? No way.

He makes a mental note to avoid that guy.

-

"Phil, where's the big bowl?" Wilbur yells, wrists deep in a mixture of sand and dough.

"Is that safe to eat?" Tommy asks.

"Yup. It's edible sand for a prank on Techno."

"It's up here." Phil calls back, opening a cabinet above the fridge with the tips of his fingers.

They both pause to watch him fruitlessly attempt to grab something from said cabinet. He's on his tip toes, hand outstretched. His fingers barely touched the cabinet and won't even make it in it. Both Tommy and Wilbur erupt in laughter.

"Hush." Phil complains. "Will, come help me."

"Me?! I have dough all over my hands!"

Tommy looks between the two. The cabinet is pretty high up, high enough that he doubts his own ability to reach inside.

"Gremlin." Wilbur bumps into him with his body. "Grab the bowl."

"You think I can reach that, bitch boy?!" He snaps back, staring up at the cabinet.

"I'll grab the chair." Phil sighs, stepping back and wiping his hands. The top of the fridge must be dusty because he can spot the particles drifting down.

That's disgusting. Everyone knows dust is the worst thing to ever exist. But can he do it? Can he really trust Phil?

"I got it." He blurts.

"Huh? Mate, that's too high up for anyone to grab." Phil turns around, a gentle smile on his face.

Shaking off his nerves off, the bowl starts to float down to them. Phil freezes but his eyes still follow the object.

"Where d' you want it?" He mumbles.

"Next to me." Wilbur answers, not seeming phased at all.

The bowl doesn't make a single noise as it settles. Phil's still staring. What is he thinking?

"What?" Tommy snaps, maybe a little too defensively.

"Just- that was nice. Thank you mate."

"Fuck off, don't get used to it."

Phil holds up his hands in a placating manner. "Alright, alright."

Tommy turns back to the sand-batter thing as Wilbur transfers it to the new bowl.

"See? He doesn't care." Wilbur whispers.

"Fuck you." Tommy whispers back.

Maybe Phil was cool. Just maybe.

Chapter End Notes

Alright, so story time.

I opened TikTok so I can watch mind-numbing videos, and the first video is

recommending Tommyinnit fanfics. Clearly I like them so I decide to watch. That's when I realize "hey! Wait a minute! THATS MY STORY!"

So yeah. Two things:

Firstly, that was so surreal and it made my day.

Secondly, who. I KNOW YOU'RE HERE WHO ARE YOU?! SAY HELLO! Plus, if you came from that video also say hello!

Betting man (boy)

Chapter Summary

Tommy really shouldn't be a betting man. He just has the worst luck, doesn't he?

// kidnapping

Chapter Notes

:) enjoy

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I might be a little late to get you. Is that okay? I can get Techno to get you—"

"Wilbur." Tommy interrupts. "I am not going to spontaneously combust if you leave me alone for more than five minutes."

"Techno would love to get a coffee, he'd be begging me for it—"

"I'm getting out of the car."

"I'll be a little late!" Wilbur yells through the closed door as if he hadn't heard him the first fifty times.

Overprotective bitch.

He seemed strangely nervous about being late though. It's not like Tommy really cares though, they have lives outside of him. Maybe he should start caring. Maybe this is a sign that they're getting tired of him.

It has been over a month... he really needs to talk to Ranboo and Tubbo. If he makes it through his entire shift without a single Karen then he'll call them. That's only happened three times in his life so it's practically impossible.

What can he say? Tommy Innit does not back down. If they don't tell him the truth then he won't go back and if the Watson's kick him out then he'll... probably admit defeat. But Tubbo and Ranboo are probably dying without him. The apartment is in shambles.

He doesn't even need to think about this because a Karen will walk in. They're like a curse you can never get rid off. You think of them, and bam! They're there! And now he's

distracting himself.

Oh shit, the cafe was meant to open three minutes ago. And that's why he isn't allowed to have a crisis before his shift. Grian's orders.

-

A Karen didn't come in.

So here he was, staring at his phone like an idiot. It was a hard choice, okay?! His fingers rub against the bandana in his pocket, something he's taken to carrying with him everywhere. He could do this. He was not a fucking pussy.

"Tommy?!" Tubbo yells.

"Tubbo." Tommy greets. Okay, now what?

"Are you okay?! I wanted to stop in at the cafe but Ranboo said we needed to give you space, and I've been worried and you better never fucking run like that again."

"I didn't fucking run." He snarls back. "I.." oh. He did kind of run.

"It's the past now. Are you going to come home? We miss you."

"Are you going to tell me the truth? Even admit you were lying?"

"I- Boss man, I don't think-"

"Tubbo."

"How's Wilbur been? You're with him, right?"

Tommy's shoulders sag, and he stands up. The cafe is ready to be closed up, and he can finish the conversation outside.

"Wilbur's Wilbur. Nice and shit. Mother-like, but he can't know I've said that."

"And Phil? Techno?"

"You aren't going to tell me, are you? Your guys' little secret?"

"...Tommy, you know I would if I could."

"What's stopping you?! Is someone pointing a gun at your head and stopping you?!"

"No! It's for your safety!"

"We are never safe Tubbo! When will you get that?! Safety is a luxury we don't have. Ranboo got shot, our documents are all faked, and I can't even use my powers." He takes a deep breath after his outburst and locks the door.

He can still remember coming up with his last name. Sitting on the floor with Tubbo and Ranboo, making jokes about legally making them family. (They didn't end up doing it.)

"I know. I'm sorry. I really am. It's- I'll tell you. We'll tell you. But not over the phone. This isn't safe."

"Safe? Tubbo, please tell me you didn't rob a bank or something." As much as he hates to admit it, it sounded like something Tubbo would do.

"No." He grumbles. "I just think you need to be sitting down to hear it."

"I can sit."

"I don't want you to hang up on me."

"Stop making fucking excuses man!"

"Fine! Fine." With every second that passes, a silence grows.

Something thuds off to the side, and Tommy curses the darkness for not being able to see. But he stays quiet because something in him tells him that Tubbo needs a second.

Rash, loud, and crazy. That's what Tommy is, but right now Tubbo needs calm, cool, and collected. And he can be cool as beans.

Another thud sounds and he peers in that direction. Maybe he was going senile or something but it sounded closer. Stray cats like to hang around because Grian feeds them, maybe that's it. Just some cat.

"We're vigilantes." Tubbo suddenly blurts.

"YOU'RE WHAT?!" He screams back, cat forgotten.

"Shh! Don't repeat it! We're vigilantes! When Ranboo got shot it was in a fight with Micheal McChill and Magnetron. I'm called-"

"No, I don't want to know." Tommy groans.

Fuck this. His best friends were vigilantes without him?! As if reading his mind, Tubbo quickly says,

"We didn't want you to use your powers. And it was all my idea, it's not Ranboo's fault at all. I dragged him into it. It started as helping this family out of a burning apartment and it just escalated!"

"You didn't have to keep it from me Tubs."

"I know. I just thought it would be better if you didn't know."

"For someone with increased IQ you sure are a fucking idiot."

Something clicks in his brain.

"Opia. He fucking- oh my god."

"In my defense I said it was a bad idea to keep it from you." Ranboo suddenly says.

He can't process this right now. Because if Ranboo was Opia, that meant Tubbo was Paralian. And fuck, he remembers watching the news when Ranboo got shot.

"Wilbur is gonna be here soon."

"Wait! You can't-"

"I won't tell him." Tommy responds, a bit harshly. "I wouldn't do that."

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry."

He hangs up, glaring at the shadows. Hey, just another thing to keep from Wilbur! For a man who has been nothing but honest with him, Tommy is kind of a dick in return.

But if Tubbo and Ranboo really are vigilantes, common known vigilantes, fucking famous vigilantes, then nobody can ever know. It'll be a death sentence for all three of them. Heroes are exempt, but vigilantes get the full force of the law. That includes anyone trying to hide them.

Something closes over his face. He takes a sharp inhale in surprise, a sickly sweet smell filling his nose. The world swims around him, forcing him to stagger back.

Powers. He needs to...

A hand grabs his arm, roughly digging in. The cloth is still over his mouth and nose so every breath he takes inhales some type of chemical.

"Get the band!" A voice yells. It's right next to his ear, but he can't find the energy to move away.

Something cold clicks around his wrist just as his eyes flutter shut.

Where was Wilbur?

Chapter End Notes

ITS FINALLY HAPPENING! Also, I might do a bonus at some point where I write Wilbur's perspective of coming to get Tommy and him just not being there.

Who would've thought? Being kidnapped isn't fun!

Chapter Summary

Tommy and kidnapping do not peacefully get along. Seriously, what type of guy kidnaps a child?! Enter Scott Major.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy!!

// kidnapping, side effects of Chloroform, needle, mention of blood.

I'm trying to add the appropriate warnings, so please tell me if I'm messing something up here! I don't want to accidentally trigger someone!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy opened his eyes he was shivering violently. Almost immediately a headache hit him full force, causing him to groan. It had to be because of whatever chemical they used.

So he got kidnapped. Someone fucking kidnapped him.

His arms were tied behind the chair, a power suppression cuff around his neck. They collared him like a fucking dog. And then his ankles were also tied to the legs of the chair. It felt like a lot of overkill for one teenager.

This had to be Phil's fault. Phil must've told someone about his powers and somehow figured it out. There was no other explanation.

Goddammit. He was right! He was right not to trust Phil Watson!

When the headache subsides enough, he opens his eyes. The room is plain. Concrete walls, concrete floors, a few light bulbs, and a door. The gray was slightly infuriating, only cracks to break up the plainness.

"Dickheads!" He yells, voice reverberating back at him. "Oi! Let me out!"

Wilbur had to know something was wrong by now. Who knows how long had passed, but he had to know. Maybe he would see the last call was to Tubbo.

Fuck, they're vigilantes. Tubbo and Ranboo can come save him themselves. Everything would be fine. Nothing bad was going to happen to him. Unless Phil was in on the kidnapping and was covering it up from Wilbur and Techno.

Then that would be kinda shit.

"You fuckers!" He screams.

Why is he even shivering? It's not that cold in here. If this is what drugs do to you then count him out.

After what seemed like forever, the door finally cracked open. It shut before he could get a good look and a man stepped into the room. He wasn't even trying to mask his identity.

With cyan hair and a Hawaiian shirt, the stranger walked up to him. Who the hell was this? And the Hawaiian shirt? It was just tacky.

"Hi Tom." That wasn't an American accent at least.

"It's Tommy." Then, as an afterthought, "Who are you?"

"My name's Scott Major. And I am going to find a way to harness your power for the greater good."

"Greater good my ass." He snorts.

"A shame you can't see the same vision. We could live in a world where everyone had a power. That is, everyone or no one. Controlled powers. Imagine that."

"Fuck off. It's impossible."

His power couldn't even do that. He was limited! Once they figured that out... well, he was pretty much done for. They would kill him.

There was no way out for him. He was a sitting duck. His only hope was through Wilbur, and that was a pretty shit hope.

"You'll see. One day it won't be." Scott hums, "I think we're ready."

Two people burst in, one with pink hair and one with brown. A girl and a guy. The girl was holding a needle, the guy an elastic band. What were they doing?

"This is Lizzie and Joel. They're going to draw some blood. It will only pinch a bit."

"No! You fucker! You motherfucker!" The second they started getting close he trashed as much as possible. They weren't going to take his blood!

"Come on now Tommy. You don't want us to sedate you, do you?"

Slowly, he stills. As much as he hates the idea of them taking his blood, being unconscious around them is a much worse fate. The pink haired one, the one called Lizzie, steps forward.

"Joel, tie the elastic."

"I'm going, I'm going."

Tommy glares at Joel the entire time.

"Sorry. But not really. It is in the name of science." Lizzie shrugs, carelessly inserting the needle.

He hisses in pain, but true to Scott's words it barely pinches. Seconds later it's removed and Lizzie and Joel are leaving again.

"You're going to feel a bit sick. Side effects of the chloroform. Food will be delivered later." Scott turns away, as if to leave.

"Wait! You can't just leave me here!"

"Oh Tommy. I can do whatever I want."

Something about his words send a shock through his body, a chill sweeping through his bones. The unsettling truth is sinking in.

"But, you're right. I believe you already know Ponk, correct?"

Oh you motherfucker.

-

Ponk, as it turns out, is very awkward after having his identity revealed. For the first while he just sat in the corner playing games on his phone. Tommy could hear the sounds.

"So, uh, you're a bad guy." Tommy awkwardly says.

"Huh? Oh. Yeah."

"That's... not cool."

"Eh. It's in the name of something good."

"You kidnapped a teenager."

"For something good!"

"I am tied to a chair."

"For science."

"I AM NOT A SCIENCE EXPERIMENT! I am a human! I am not a fucked up toy for you guys to poke at!" His outburst echoes, tossing his voice back to them.

Ponk glances around the room.

"Sometimes the ends justify the means."

"You are a sick fuck. Do you even know Purpled?"

"Yes! He's a friend!"

Hopefully Purpled was living blissfully unaware of exactly who Ponk was. The poor guy didn't deserve the stress.

There was nothing to do in the room, and napping wasn't a good idea. He needed to have constant vigilance.

So here's what he knows:

Scott Major, the ringleader.

Lizzie and Joel, evil people.

Ponk, evil.

They all want to use him in the name of science to find a way to manipulate powers.

He was trapped.

Pretty bad situation. Wilbur would rescue him though. Wilbur would care.

"I have friends who will rescue me." He says aloud, just to try out the words. To test how believable they are.

"I talked to you and it sounded like you didn't have any friends." Ponk points out. "Nobody is going to come, man."

"They'll come. I have friends." At least this time it sounds more believable.

"Just accept it. If you do that, it'll get better."

Accepting it meant admitting defeat. And if there was one thing Tommy Innit was good at, it was never admitting defeat.

Wilbur would come. Tubbo and Ranboo would come.

Right?

It's been super snowy where I'm at so you'd think I would be writing a lot, but instead I've been grinding on Minecraft.

Being Kidnapped: 1/5 stars not fun

Chapter Summary

PURPLED?! WHY ARE YOU OKAY WITH THIS?! Also, wow, Lizzie is kinda crazy.

//human experimentation (?), needles, blood, momentary torture (?? Not really Tommy's just an idiot who tries to run away)

Chapter Notes

I have no clue what to label Purpled's powers as for the warning. Hope you enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The food comes later, just like Scott said it would. And it tastes like dog shit. The poor excuse for soup has the consistency of oatmeal which is just plain wrong.

Scott comes back after what seems like forever with Ponk. Following behind him is a familiar purple sweatshirt and a woman with purple hair.

His lips raise into a mocking smile, mouth opening to spill some sarcastic words, but Scott speaks first.

"This is Lauren, and I believe you already know Purpled here."

Tommy's jaw drops as he stares at Purpled. Every time he ever ran into him, Purpled had his hood up. If Purpled was working with Scott, what did that mean for Tubbo and Ranboo?

Why didn't they kidnap him sooner?

Scott answers his unspoken questions. "Your roommates were problems, since we don't care about them, but I'm not a murderer. I'm not trying to be the bad guy here."

"Yeah, well, you still are. Prick."

Ponk glances between him and the trio before leaving.

"Do you want-" Purpled begins, only to get cut off.

"No. Stay back while Lauren unties him. Be prepared though."

Be prepared? These guys weren't idiots, they would just untie him because they had faith he wouldn't run. What was Purpled's power?

Tommy's luck was shit the first time, and here he was, about to try it again. The second he was free, he booked it.

Now, saying exactly how far he made it would just be sad to those who didn't make it that far, but let's just say nobody would be sad.

Almost immediately pain rips through his body, buckling his knees and sending him to the ground. It's like every bone was moving inside of him, his very blood boiling. The second he hits the ground it vanishes so quickly that his nerves can't catch up, and his body seems to float away. After a minute he opens his eyes—when did he close them?—and attempts to struggle to his feet.

"I told you he would run." Purpled says distastefully.

When Tommy looks up at him, his eyes are glowing purple. So that's what it was, that's what his power was. Pain.

"You fucker. You're a right fucker." He groans, still struggling to stand.

Lauren seems to take a bit of pity on him and hauls him up, nearly sending him crashing to the floor again. She tightens her grip on him though, adjusting so that she supports most of his body weight now.

"Well what kind of person actually tries to run away from their kidnappers?" Scott asks. "I thought he had some sense, but I guess not."

"What do you even want with me?" Tommy huffs, pushing himself away from Lauren as soon as he can.

She doesn't seem like too bad of a person but she still works with Scott, so that's a point against her.

"There's a few people interested in our ideas, but they want progress first." Scott nods to Lauren, and she grabs his arm.

Tommy very wisely doesn't move away or resist as they start walking.

"Progress?" He asks instead.

"Lizzie and Joel are better at the science than me.
I'm just, ah, just the figurehead you could say. The-"

"Purpled, why the everlasting fuck are you with this guy?" He interrupts Scott, tired of him already. Listen, Scott decided to kidnap him so he was going to become a problem for everyone.

"Uh..."

"Like, come on dude. You're pretty cool."

"I kind of owe him a favor so..."

"So you decided to participate in his clearly illegal, definitely immoral, and obviously inhumane experimentation? Like just say no."

"Hey, we have morals." Scott complains. "You just don't have the same morals as us."

"Oh! Your morals are just sooo good! Yeah! Let's kidnap a kid because of how great our morals are!"

"I am not arguing with you about this."

Scott unlocks a door with keys attached to his pant loop, and Lauren hauls him in.

It's a small room, and reminds him of a doctor's office. The little bed thing kids normally lie on is replaced by a chair, but other than that it looks pretty normal.

Wherever they were keeping him could go from empty abandoned warehouse vibe to normal in a split second.

Lizzie and Joel are already inside, conversing quietly, but stop once he enters. Without even realizing his feet slow to a stop.

Scott pushes him forward and into the chair.

"Purpled will stay here to make sure you don't do something stupid. Lauren and I have some business to attend to, but you're in good hands."

And then he's left with three people that he isn't sure how to feel about. Purpled just doesn't care about any of this, and Lizzie and Joel seemed a bit too eager to have drawn his blood.

"Every powered person has one small gene in them that signifies their power. You have three. One to take the power, to choose the power, and to give the power back." Lizzie explains. "Which is why I'm going to draw blood three different times. One when you're taking Joel's power, one when you're choosing to use it, and one when you give it back."

"You can't make me." Tommy says, staring her dead in the eyes.

Like a silently reminder, Purpled steps up.

"Okay, so maybe you can make me." He corrects. "But what's stopping me from taking Purpled's power?"

"The thing around your neck is used on prisoners of Pandora's vault, it doesn't only suppress powers. Do you really want to see what it does?"

Lizzie is terrifying, holy shit.

She does something he can't see, and assurance flows through his veins. Getting his power back is like that first glass of ice cold water when you're thirsty. It makes him feel alive again, as if things could be okay.

Something in his arm pinches, and he jolts back to the reality of his situation.

"Take his power." Lizzie instructs.

Mentally, he reaches out, and takes it.

At the same moment Lizzie draws his blood, giving the vial to Joel to place on the counter.

"Now use it." She says, inserting the needle into his arm.

Was this really what his life was now? He was being treated like a dog, given instructions and being forced to follow them. For fucks sake, he even had a collar!

"Use. It." Lizzie snaps.

Light erupts from his fingertips, glowing a neon green. Joel could create green light?

Another prick.

"Now give it back."

He does, not liking the way it makes his fingers tingle. It's like little zaps of electricity except Joel can only create light.

"Perfect."

And then his power is gone again. He could scream in frustration, except he can't.

"How did it feel?" Lizzie asks, labeling each vial of blood.

Tommy looks away, not liking the sight of it. At the very least he wasn't tied up. The rope burn he was starting to get hurt.

"Like he carved out a spot in me. As if I were missing a part." Joel answers.

"Well, he essentially just removed some of your genes."

The energy he had used in using his power then getting it taken away was taking a huge impact on him. His eyes flutter shut.

"...let him..."

"..sleep..."

"...work..."

"...Dream Team..."

Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone has a good Valentine's Day, but you're also reading Minecraft Fanfiction so it's probably being spent alone. (Me too, don't be sad)

Investors + Tommy = a mess

Chapter Summary

The investors are here, and Tommy isn't ready for it yet.

// brief mention of body-morphing

Chapter Notes

I just want to say that I was told my paragraph breaks are doubled, and I promise I don't write like that. I just don't know how to fix it.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The next few days are filled with absolutely nothing. It was nothing like being kidnapped by Dream, where someone was always talking to him. He was lucky if Ponk even looked up at him beyond untying his hands to eat, or letting him up to use the bathroom.

Honestly, Tommy was starting to stink. He had been trying his hardest to maximize his bathroom time. Between actually using it and attempting to use the sink to bathe, it wasn't working out that great.

Surely someone had noticed by now that he was missing, right? Wilbur would be worried, and Wilbur was like a mother hen. The devil would fear him when he was worried. Not even Phil would be able to deter him. Right?

Fucking Phil.

The whole fucking reason he was here.

"Oh Tommy, my dad would never-!"

BULLSHIT WILBUR! BULL-FUCKING-SHIT!

He was only slightly salty over this. Just a little sprinkle. It wasn't like he was suspicious of Phil at all to start with, haha... EXCEPT HE WAS! So in your face Wilbur!

"Dude, stop mumbling to yourself. You're making me lose my Fortnite game." Ponk huffs.

"Good. Minecraft is better anyways." Tommy fires back. "Besides... L plus Ratio."

"You can't- we've been over this. You can't ratio me in real life."

"Really? Because I think I just did."

"I'm going to slam my head on this wall."

"Do it, no balls."

They stare at each other before Ponk stands up.

"I'm getting Scott." He grumbles.

Immediately Tommy's spine straightens and he leans forward as much as he can.

"No! Don't!"

Whenever Scott came something always happened. He had shown up again, a girl he had never seen before in tow. Then his tongue was growing so large that his saliva was dripping on the floor. Lizzie had swooped in and taken a sample for who knows what.

Ponk, startled by his yell, stops moving.

"Well..." he starts, looking between Tommy and the door guiltily, "it's time for Purpled to switch me out anyway."

Oh yeah, Purpled. Between Ponk and Purpled to babysit him, he'd rather Ponk. At least Ponk hadn't pretended for that long.

Ponk's phone chimes and they both look at it.

"Oh, fuck!" Ponk exclaims, "I can't believe I forgot!"

Shaking hands are untying his legs and helping him out of the chair. Just like every other time, pins and needles rush through his legs causing him to stumble.

"What?" Tommy asks. "What's happening?"

"Come on, come on!"

Despite his best attempts he can't quite keep up with the pace that Ponk is dragging him at.

"What is going on? What did you forget?"

"Scott is going to be so upset."

That comment locks up his legs, and they both crash into a wall. What would happen when Scott got upset? So far the man had only been smiling, the perfect picture of happiness.

"Tommy." Ponk snaps. "Move!"

His hands are still tied so Ponk has to help him up from his spot on the cold floor. This time they walk a little slower, but it's still rushed. Something is scaring Ponk and Tommy doesn't want to find out.

"What are you doing with me?" Tommy looks at him with eyes so big they might as well be an Owl's.

"The people Scott said wanted to invest in this? They're here."

Oh, fuck.

What would happen to him? If this was human experimentation on a budget, what happens when it isn't on a budget?

What would these "investors" do to him?

Ponk instructs him to sit down, and he does so without even thinking about it. At some point during his panicking they had entered a new room, one that was really dark.

"Purpled is here so I won't tie you up, but you have to do whatever they want. They want a demonstration? Do it. I won't lie, they're villains. Who knows what they want."

Villains?! You've got to be shitting him. Being kidnapped just keeps getting worse and worse.

Faintly he can hear voices that continually get stronger, meaning that they're walking his way. They sound slightly familiar; one of them is Scott.

"Oh dammit!" Ponk yelps, moving to stand behind him. "Don't talk Tommy. These dudes are crazy dangerous."

From somewhere to his right, Purpled snorts a laugh. "Can't be worse than me."

"...now that you've met Lizzie and Joel, it's time to meet the wonder himself." Scott says.

Tommy involuntarily tenses, straining his eyes to try and see the door. Turns out he doesn't need to do that though, because as soon as Scott enters he flicks the lights on.

"This is Tommy." He says, and Tommy can hear a hint of pride. The fuck is proud of kidnapping him?

And then his eyes shift to the three people standing next to him.

"Dream?!" He exclaims.

It's not him who reacts, but Sapnap. Scott gets slammed against a wall, and steam starts to rise from where Sapnap's hands press into his shoulder. Dream reaches out to grab his shoulder and haul him off.

"What the fuck?!" Sapnap roars, struggling against Dream's hold.

After a moment he stops struggling, instead standing with an angry expression. No, not angry, furious.

The Dream Team was here to invest in him? How much worse could this get?! Were they waiting the entire time to just take him and force him to use his powers?

No. No, they wouldn't do that. They're nice people!

Right?

"Dream?" Tommy asks again, voice cracking in the middle.

Because of the mask he can't see his expression, but his head turns away. Cold fills his body, but 404 picks his glasses up briefly to softly smile at him.

Scott touches one of his shoulders where a hole has formed, black char around the edges. "I'm sorry?"

"You told us you had a willing volunteer." Dream says, and Tommy knows him well enough to hear the tension in it.

But he was anything but a willing volunteer. He opens his mouth to say just as much, when Ponk slaps his hand over it.

"Let go of him." Sapnap snaps at Ponk, and the hand is removed.

404 extends a welcoming arm, the perfect spot for Tommy to slot himself in. "Tommy." He instructs.

Of course the Dream Team wouldn't be part of these guys. He shouldn't have ever doubted them.

He stands up, ready to claim his spot.

"Purpled." Scott says in the same tone that 404 had spoken in.

And then his face was heading towards the floor.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! Surprisingly there are a lot of you who didn't expect Lizzie to be evil but come on. Let her girlboss.

Oh! Also! The Dream Team is finally here. How are we feeling about that? To the singular person who didn't want me to make the Dream Team evil, this is what I meant by they were only "kinda" evil.

(Not) Homeless

Chapter Summary

Tommy wakes up in the Dream Team's house with quite a bit of confusion. They intend to set him straight.

Chapter Notes

// self-hatred (?), mentions of violence, mentions of kidnapping and human experimentation

Everything that's been going on in world right now is kind of crazy, so please, everyone, stay safe.

Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Is he up?"

"No, whatever that purple guy did took a hit on him."

"His body was already frail. They were under feeding him. Any luck with the... uh, necklace?"

"None. I don't want to do it, but I might have to call in my favor to get it off."

"You should've killed him."

"Sapnap-"

"No, Dream should've killed him! We shouldn't have just left."

"Our priority is Tommy. We can focus on revenge later."

Blairily, he opened his eyes. All conversation instantly quieted at this action. His skull felt like splitting itself apart, something drilling right through the center.

What the hell happened?

After a moment his brain brings up pieces of memory, just enough to fit the puzzle together. The Dream Team were interested in financing the human experimentation or whatever, and then it just was crazy from there. Sapnap burned Scott? And then he was trying to go to them but stupid Purpled was there.

There was no way Dream would let his friends get kidnapped by Scott, so they all had to be free.

But the bastards wanted to invest in him. He trusted them, and then they do this? What role did they play in it all? Did they sell him out?

"Tommy?" Sapnap asks, and a hand ghosts over his shoulder.

He launches up, scrambling away from the touch as fast as he can. His skin pricks uncomfortably with needles.

"Don't-" he clears his throat, "don't touch me."

Sapnap winces, glancing at 404 and Dream. 404 looks worried, and, as always, Dream's mask hides his emotions. Sapnap's hand is still outstretched, but it's slowly lowered.

Wherever they took him looked suspiciously like a living room of a normal house with him on the couch, now having moved to the opposite side. Supervillains don't just have normal houses though, that's too normal.

"Listen," 404 begins, but Tommy doesn't let him get that chance.

"No! You were there! As investors!" The word is spat out like the one time he spit out a sour gummy and Tubbo laughed. Nobody was laughing now.

The entire room seems to constrict at the word, and even Dream seems guilty.

"You wanted to let them- what changed?! Huh? How long have you assholes been planning this?!"

"Planning this?" 404 repeats.

"Coincidences don't exist around Dream." Tommy says, borderline mocking. "I will not be the model that is painted as the fool."

"I'm not going to act like you're a fool Tommy." Dream says.

Sapnap's thoughts are always written plainly on his face, and now is no exception. Why paint him the fool when he was already a tragedy? A mortal could only fit so much anguish before taking up his chains in hell.

Dream, oblivious to this, continues. "We were told that they had a legal volunteer. You were both kidnapped and it's illegal to use you even if you did give consent due to your age. I was told they were fighting for equality. That they were using your powers to take away everyone's power for one day, to humble the heroes. That was my mistake."

"It was our mistake." 404 corrects, placing a supporting hand on Dream's shoulder. It's quite the sight because of the height difference of six inches. "The more he talked, the more I hated what I heard. He wanted world domination, not equality."

"Tommy, we would never hurt you. I will personally sear through his neck-"

"Sapnap." Dream spoke, ending what was most likely a threat to Scott's life.

With a glance between the trio, Tommy scoots forward again. Almost immediately he's rewarded by a plate of butter-covered toast.

"Wait, what happened after Purpled..."

"Eat and I'll tell you." Sapnap says eagerly.

"Sapnap." Dream repeats, but unlike last time it's a groan with a hint of a laugh.

"Come on, my takedown was totally epic."

"If I recall correctly, Dream was the one who actually took Purple down." George corrects.

"You did what to Purpled?!"

"Eat." Dream reminds him.

Obligingly, Tommy takes a bite out of the toast and eagerly stares at Sapnap.

"Okay, okay. So you just kinda fell, yeah? Well G- 404 here caught you before you split your head open and Dream electrocuted Purple. Scott ran away, but I sent a wall of fire and trapped the other guy in it. 404 is yelling at us, saying we have to go and shit-"

"Which I was right about."

"-and then he just contorted, and I knew it had to be Purple so I sent a fireball at him! Then Dream had picked you up and I was practically dragging 404-"

"Excuse me, you were not!"

"-but Dream was paranoid so we camped out on a roof for a bit before coming to our civilian home."

"You have a house? I thought you were homeless or something."

"Tommy." Dream complains, "I told you I'm not homeless!"

"Technically I own the house, so... he kinda is." 404 offers.

Dream smacks him on the back of the head, causing Tommy to laugh. Sapnap wraps an arm around his shoulders, whispering into his ear;

"He's defensive about his homelessness."

This sends them both into a fit of laughter that Dream eventually joins in on with his wheezes.

"See? It'll be just like old times." Sapnap laughs, smiling wide.

"Old times?" Tommy echoes. "When you kidnapped me?"

Dream stops laughing, straightening up and adopting a much more serious mood.

"Until we can make sure Scott doesn't attempt this again, we need to keep you safe. So you can stay here. I can teach you how to use your Christmas present and everything!"

"Tubbo and Ranboo-"

"Will be safe." Dream finishes. "It's better if they don't know where you are in case Scott goes after them, and even then I think they'll be able to handle themselves. They're smart, you have to give them some credit."

"No. They-"

"Don't know even know you're missing Tommy."

In the corner of his eye Sapnap opens his mouth, but one glare from 404 shuts him up.

"It's not forever." 404 gently says.

"You won't get bored, I promise. The days will fly by."

Staring at the smile on Dream's mask, he seals his fate.

"Fine."

-

A good distance away, back where Scott is panicking, a man with a penchant for Cod walks in.

"What happened here?!"

Chapter End Notes

So many of you just thought Tommy fell on his face? I don't know why but Purpled surged pain through him so strong he just kind of immediately passed out.

Also, a man with a penchant for cod enters the scene. Any guesses on who that might be?

Morons and Love

Chapter Summary

The Dream Team is a mirage of love, a concept Scott is also struggling with.

//feelings of uselessness, dehumanization

Chapter Notes

Hot potato except Tommy is the potato and everybody actually wants him.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He breathed out, eyeing the little red circle. Tommy's fingers lifted off the string, and it snapped, just barely missing his face.

"Bullseye!" Sapnap yells gleefully. The idiot had bet \$20 on him hitting center within five shots.

He wasn't teaching Tommy though, so he lowered the bow and looked to Dream. The man had been nothing but patient while explaining which feather pointed out, how high to raise the bow, how far back to draw, and how many fingers to use.

"Nice shot." Dream quietly praises.

Satisfied, Tommy drops the bow to go pull his arrows out of the target. It was lucky he got it on the fourth arrow, the last arrow. While he couldn't control the situation with Scott—instead leaving it to the Dream Team—he could control where his arrows went.

"Can I try and shoot Sapnap next?"

"Hey!"

When Tommy looks back at Dream with a huge smile, he's on his phone.

"Come on, we can try shooting moving targets out in the forest." Sapnap suggests.

"I'll stay here. 404 needs help with a few things."

With Scott, he mean. That's what 404 was doing right now, scouring through online databases for signs of the guy. When Tommy had offered to help all he got in return was a firm head shake.

"I thought you were my teacher." He can't help but whine. It wasn't that he didn't want to find Scott, but he wanted to move on more.

"Sapnap's decent enough at archery. Be back before dark." With that, Dream heads inside from their backyard practice area.

"He's just trying to find Scott."

"I don't care about finding Scott. I just want to forget it ever happened."

Sapnap rests a hand on his shoulder, giving him a sympathetic glance. "We can't. Not only do we have to get this thing off your neck, but Scott had made some sort of breakthrough. If we let him go with that information..."

He doesn't continue with that sentence, but Tommy understands anyways.

"He isn't okay in the head." Sapnap adds. "There's no moral sense of right or wrong in him I don't think. Some people are born evil."

"That's what the heroes would say about you lot."

"We're good people, we just like the power to make our own decisions. Scott? He lets that power go to his head. Don't be like Scott, okay kid?"

"I'm not a fucking kid."

"I don't know, you're pretty short."

"I'm taller than you!"

-

"Can you pass me the yellow bowl?" 404 asks, mixing something in a red bowl already.

Tommy looks around. Sapnap was buying milk because they ran out, and Dream was already working on something else. Of course they were making a cake. Sapnap's fat ass just had to have a homemade cake right this instant.

"The yellow bowl?" Tommy repeats, glancing at the array of bowls around them.

There was a few clear ones, a green one, and a white one, but no yellow.

"He means the green one." Dream corrects.

"How do you even mess up green and yellow?" He snickers, passing the bowl over.

"He's colorblind Tommy."

"What?" In his shock he drops a blueberry he was snacking on.

"Don't eat that." Dream advises. "We can give it to Patches."

"Patches?"

What was going on anymore?

"A stray cat we feed. A cutie."

"Wait. So 404 is secretly..."

"Colorblind. Yes." 404 says dryly.

Immediately Tommy holds up his middle finger and gives a shit-eating grin. "How many fingers am I holding up."

Dream looks over his shoulder, mask staring eerily at him before erupting into a wheeze.

"I'm not blind."

"Well you didn't answer either."

"One. You are holding up one freaking finger."

"Am I though?"

"Dream." 404 says desperately.

"I dunno, I see two fingers."

"There's one finger! You're holding up your middle finger!"

"Don't try to gaslight me." Tommy scolds. "That's not very adult of you."

"I'm- please-"

"What's up bitches! I came back with the milk!"

"You aren't getting your cake until he stops." 404 snaps, triumphantly crossing his arms.

"Sapnap." Tommy fake-whispers. "He's gatekeeping the cake."

"I AM NOT!"

They all burst into laughter—apart from 404—Dream even collapsing onto the counter. This was what happiness felt like, this was what friendship was.

He was such an idiot to be friends with supervillains. Maybe he was being sweet inside because of him realizing just how nice Dream was when kidnapping him, but the Dream Team was never truly evil.

It was like what Sapnap said; they wanted the power to make change. They didn't want to answer to anybody, and sometimes that's what the world needs.

Heroes thought they were so good, but where were they when he was kidnapped? When Scott was trying to use him for his powers? They weren't there. But the top three supervillains were, and that says a lot about the world. Dream, Sapnap, and 404 didn't just rescue him but they're also keeping him safe.

Maybe their motives for finding Scott weren't about him, but it felt like a lot anyways. And here, Tommy was useless. He had no powers to be able to find Scott, he couldn't do anything. For the past three nights he had woken up with his hands around his throat, attempting to pry off the collar.

For the past three nights he had woken up with nightmares. But it was fine, because he didn't want to be needy. Needy kids get thrown out faster than he could apologize.

"Here's the milk." Sapnap laughs, pushing it across the counter.

404 takes it and measures out four cups, dumping it into the bowl. "Thank you.

Two phones chime at the same time, and Dream immediately excuses himself from the room. Tommy stops 404 when he tries to follow.

"Can I help?"

404 looks guiltily between the kitchen and where Dream went. Of course, he was useless.

"Never mind. I'll just... finish the cake."

"Don't burn it." Sapnap teases, chasing after 404.

Sapnap was leaving? He had openly admitted he didn't care much for this type of work before. If even Sapnap was useful then Tommy was utterly worthless.

"I won't." He sourly responds to the empty air.

He burns the cake.

-

That night, he's in the kitchen after another nightmare. Scott was there, watching him. He was on auction like a painting for those rich fuckers, except the crowd was full of his friends.

Right before they announced who he was sold to, he woke up. It was sick and twisted, but it was what his mind conjured up.

There's quiet voices to the left where the door outside is. Unable to stop himself he creeps closer and presses his ear to the glass door. Maybe they're talking about Scott and he can have some peace of mind.

Sure, sneaking around was probably a bad thing, but Dream would understand. He hadn't gotten any information about Scott the entire time he was here. With Purpled owning the apartment where Tubbo and Ranboo were, Ponk knowing where he worked, it was a tight line they were walking on.

"...I know. Scott is in the wind and Tommy doesn't have his powers." Sapnap says. Tommy couldn't catch the first part of whatever he was saying, but he sure catches the last part.

"Useless." Dream scoffs. "He's a piece of useless shit."

"I know, but Tommy's shaken up about it. I have the room next to him and I can hear him crying sometimes in his sleep. It's... he's not mentally okay." Sapnap adds.

"The heroes will handle Tommy-" 404 begins, but Tommy is already pulling away with shaking hands.

They do think he's useless, and they're planning on handing him over to the heroes. It doesn't matter what for, it means that they don't want him.

Because nobody ever fucking wants him.

He won't go to the heroes though, he won't let them hand him over. Who knows what they're going to trade him for with the heroes. Maybe he was stupid to trust supervillains after all.

Tommy was leaving, tonight.

What good was a piece of useless shit? Couldn't even bake a cake right, couldn't use powers to find Scott. If it wasn't for him the Dream Team wouldn't be in this mess.

The only option was to leave. To disappear, at least for a little while.

-

"I'm sorry, my flower husband."

Scott reaches out and almost lovingly traces a hand down the iron bars separating him from another person. The cell is less of a cell and more of a bedroom. A four poster bed, a rug, a dresser, and a few chairs reside inside. There's even games stacked high in a corner.

It was luxury, a strange one for a seemingly prisoner.

"Don't do this Scott."

"I do love you. This is for your own good."

"I have friends in fishy places, you know this. They'll get me out."

Unbothered, Scott continues. "I'll be back soon, okay? Wait for me."

"You're making a mistake!"

The man's voice echoes through the dungeon, the only other sound being Scott's shoes clicking as he walks away.

Chapter End Notes

Jimmy <3

Also, I want to know who y'all are going to blame for Tommy running this time. How many times can he get passed around before I run out of characters?

Alone, again

Chapter Summary

Tommy runs to the only place he knew as a street kid.

Chapter Notes

Tommy Hot Potato is getting slightly out of hand but I can't stop it now. It has a mind of its own.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Maybe he's a coward. Running away from every problem he gets, packing a bag and leaving. Back in foster homes he did it and now he's doing it here. It's in his blood, to never be able to be loved.

Just to be a problem, he's stealing. Lately he's just been wearing Dream's clothes because they're the closest to his height, so he stuffs all the ones that were given to him in a duffel bag (also Dream's).

The streets isn't a new place to him, so he knows to pack a blanket and water. He isn't excited to return, but it won't be for long. Granola bars are stuffed wherever he can fit them, money hidden deep within. They're basically paying for his therapy after all the shit they said.

Fuck them, Tommy doesn't fucking need them anyways. He doesn't care about them. Or about Wilbur and how his family sold him out, or about Tubbo and Ranboo lying to him. He's a big man, the biggest, and he's completely fine on his own. His only option would be Grian, but the poor man doesn't need to be dragged into Tommy's problems.

Just to be safe he grabs a knife and tucks it into one of his boots. Triple layered socks will protect him from any nicks. All he has to do is find his way back to the main parts of the city. Avoid the central area, folks there don't take kindly to homeless, but the outer areas are all his.

He fingers the bandana around his neck, debating on if he should wear it or attempt to fit it in the bag. It was like Dream said though, Ranboo and Tubbo don't even know he was kidnapped.

For vigilantes, they sure are shit at protecting their supposed best friend.

Okay, so he was a bit salty about everything. He went from figuring his shit out to kidnapped to okay to on the streets. Granted, being on the streets is his choice, but only because he knows what it's like to be with people who secretly hate you.

It's not worth it. Lying to yourself only makes things worse in the end.

When he steps outside, gently shutting the door, he's startled by the darkness. In the heat of everything he kind of forgot that it was night. Whatever, it wasn't like Wilbur's house, there were streetlights.

He didn't have a phone, but logically he knew the moon sets in West. A glance up at the sky confirms his direction so he turns East, to get to the outer areas. Tommy likes to affectionately dub them districts after the Hunger Games. He doesn't quite live in 12, maybe 11. Saying he lived in 12 was just a bit too depressing.

He'll camp out in 10, the gambling area. Well, the shadier gambling businesses. It's safe enough that nobody messed with anyone but dirty enough that drugs get exchanged along with more illegal things. It was home to Las Nevadas, the biggest, crookedest, and flashiest casino.

And, subsequently, plenty of spots to hide in.

-

Las Nevadas was always such a sight to see. The huge sign had flashing blue and yellow lights, dozens of posters plastered on walls in an attempt to make it colorful. Most of them advertised specials the casino was having, but plenty were for various concerts and such.

The door was grand, pillars extending up into the sky. Spotlights shine on each, but the pulsating music and flashing lights ruin the whole ethereal and mystical vibe.

There was a long line of people waiting to get in, some already drunk. Tommy had never been inside due to the strict 18+ policy that was enforced by the boss. Nobody had ever seen the man.

Tommy would be lying if he tried to say he never wondered about the inside. Sometimes you could catch glimpses of slot machines if the door opened at the right time. People always laughed when he asked, but a few would describe it as a club but ten times better. Fat load of good that did, seeing as he wasn't allowed in clubs.

Either way, his business was always good. Before he realized the deals that went on inside, he wondered why it wasn't moved closer in. The rich folks would gobble this up.

"Move it, kid." Someone spat, shouldering past him. The shove is jarring and rough, but he knows better than to protest.

He unfreezes from his gawking to continue walking down the street. From experience he knew there was an alleyway coming up that would lead to a chain-link fence. After that it

was only a matter of climbing before he had a safe space to camp out. Just for a few days, then all the Scott stuff could blow over and he could go to Tubbo and Ranboo.

He didn't like being a hypocrite, but this was different. Ranboo and Tubbo thought they were protecting him from no true danger, and Tommy was protecting them from Scott Major: kidnapper and evil mastermind.

Just a few days. That's it. Then he'll talk to them and tell them to move, and everything will be right. If he's lucky Grian wouldn't have fired him!

The fence is easy to scramble over, and the area beyond it is so much cleaner. Instead of cigarette butts, trash, broken bottles, strange stains, and the possibility of being mugged, there's nothing. Well, okay, there's cigarette butts but nothing else.

Back in his street days he used to stay here, so that's a test to it's security. He grabs out his blanket, putting his head on the bag. Just like old times.

His eyes close, determined to finish the night with at least a few more hours of sleep. Unfortunately, it didn't seem like the universe wanted the same.

"Hey!"

"What?" Tommy groans, sitting up.

"Are you this kid?" Some guy wearing a blue beanie and a pressed suit asks.

The man was holding a paper that, upon closer inspection, bore a photo of Tommy half-asleep at the counter of his workplace. Above it, in clearly printed letters, was "MISSING."

"What the fuck? Where did you get that?"

Tommy knows who took that photo, and it was Mumbo and Grian. Why was there a missing poster for him though?

"There's a bunch of them around, three different types. Is it you?"

"Yeah, I mean- nooo. Not me." What if it was Scott playing games with him? What if Scott had kidnapped Grian and Mumbo?!

"Yeah, it's you. Did you run away or something?"

"Or something." Tommy mumbles.

"Well there's people looking for you, so you should probably get back to them."

"Wait, you said there were other types?"

"Oh yeah. In one you're hugging this brown haired guy, and in other you're doing a handstand."

Phil and Tubbo had taken those photos. Firstly, how did Tubbo even know he was missing? Secondly, fuck. Phil sold him out to Scott so that means he'll be working with Scott.

"Get up. Come inside. I'll call one of them."

"No! You can't!" He yells.

"I can't leave a kid out here on the streets."

"I am seven-fucking-teen, not a kid. And I'm fine out here."

"You're a kid with a suspicious lump under that hoodie of yours." Instinctively Tommy reached up to touch the collar. "I don't know what you did, but I'm pretty sure if I left you out here it would cement my chains in hell."

"Then burn. I'm doing great right where I am."

"Yeah. That's it." Suit-beanie-guy walks over and grabs his arm, attempt to drag him up.

And Tommy? Tommy screams.

Chapter End Notes

Man I wonder who the beanie/suit guy is huh. Totally not the next victim for Tommy Hot Potato!

Quackity The Casino Owner

Chapter Summary

Tommy is just allowing Tommy Hot Potato to happen.

Aka,

Quackity gets attached to a gremlin in the span of a few minutes.

Chapter Notes

I'm slightly sick so if the next few chapters make no sense, I blame it on that. Enjoy this one though!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You're an asshole. You can't just go around biting people!"

The man, who turned out to be Quackity, glares at him. Quackity was wrapping his hand in gauze while Tommy spun around in the leather chair he was instructed to "sit and not move" in.

"Don't put your hand close enough to bite then, fucker."

"You were screaming!"

"You were gonna kidnap me and hand me over!"

Weirdly enough it was only after Tommy had bitten him that Quackity promised he wouldn't call anyone without permission. You shouldn't have to bite people to get them to respect your rights, but it is what it is.

"I wasn't-" he sighs. "You are certainly something. So can I call anyone? You have your pick apparently."

"Well, do any of them say they're from evil masterminds named Scott?"

"Uhhh... no."

Tommy snatches one of the posters off Quackity's desk, scanning it front to back. He repeats the process two more times before determining that none of them say they're from Scott.

"I doubt that his name would be on them if you think he wants to kidnap you though."

"He doesn't want to, he did." He corrects.

"Yeah yeah. Listen, I can't be away from my work for long. Either you pick a person to call or I can... I'll figure that out."

"You work here?"

"Where do you think you are right now?! God, Karl is so much better at handling kids than me."

"What do you even do? You were literally outside. I can tell your boss or something."

"I am the boss."

Tommy stops spinning to examine him from head to toe, re-evaluating Quackity. Other than the beanie and suit that he had noticed first, there was a scar that ran through his eye. This was the famed owner of Las Nevadas? Eh.

"Epic. You should give me free money."

"I- no. Just no. Pick a fucking poster."

"Do you have a super power? I bet it's the power of being a dickhead."

"Christ, kid. What is up with your aversion to giving answers?"

Tommy opens his mouth to, ironically, answer, but shouts from the door prevent him from saying another word.

Quackity groans. "Why can't anyone ever do their jobs right?!"

The door bursts open and a blond guy wearing a rip-off Captain America outfit bursts in. He slams the door shut behind him and barricades the door with his body.

Quackity doesn't even blink before pulling out a gun and aiming it towards the new person.

"Wait! Wait a minute! I'm not here to hurt anyone, I'm here to stop someone from getting hurt!"

Now that Tommy's really looking, he notices the fish bowl he's holding. Inside is a weird fish, definitely not a goldfish. It actually kind of looks like a cod from the hit game Minecraft?

"Shhh Felipe, I know." The guy reaches inside the fishbowl and pets the fish.

"Uh..." Quackity says.

"Sorry, I should introduce myself." Completely ignoring the gun he extends the hand he just used to pet the fish. "I'm Jimmy and this is Felipe."

The fish seems to wave its fins at Tommy specifically, and his jaw drops.

"Im Scott's husband." Jimmy clarifies.

Fear races through his system before making way for logic. Jimmy came here saying he wasn't going to hurt anyone, and Scott had never mentioned him.

"Not to say I agree with anything he did, which is why I'm here. To right his wrongs with you, Tommy."

"I don't trust you." Quackity says blandly.

"Neither do I, but we should give him a chance without the gun." Tommy says.

Quackity huffs but lowers his gun, leaning against the wall in an attempt to be intimidating. The beanie ruins the whole vibe anyways.

"Thank you. Scott is a stubborn man, he won't be giving up on you very easily. Luckily I know a few places he'll never look."

"Woah dude. Full offense, but you're the husband of the guy trying to kidnap this kid. You ain't getting him." Quackity butts in, a frown tugging at his lips.

He had a point. This could all be an elaborate rouse just to kidnap Tommy again, and then the Dream Team wouldn't even rescue him this time because they found out he was worthless. He would become utterly and completely stuck.

At the same time, did he really know what to do next? If Jimmy was telling the truth then he could finally be safe. Surely the man had a plan.

Tommy grabs a stress ball off Quackity's desk—duck shaped—and squeezes it. There's still a pen tucked into his hair from earlier when he declared it was the coolest pen he's ever seen, and hopefully he gets to keep it.

"I get it. I do. Scott... he messed up. He's not a bad man, but he messed up. If you just give me a chance I can get you somewhere secure and talk to him, make him see sense. He'll find out that this whole thing was just a- a silly little mistake." Jimmy's thumb goes to rub at the wedding band on his left hand, the engraved flowers vanishing behind it.

"He always spoke of making a better world for us to love and be loved in." Jimmy admits. "I fear that's what's driving him."

All of a sudden, Tommy feels pity for him. This was a man so blinded by love that the flaws of his lover were denied. Scott hadn't worn a wedding band when Tommy saw him, but from Jimmy it sounds like they were truly in love. And sometimes love makes you do truly foolish things.

His mind doesn't go to Wilbur, it doesn't. It doesn't think of how he walked into a robbery because Tommy was in it. It doesn't think of Wilbur waking himself up with ice water for Tommy. His mind does none of these things. Totally.

There are some people who would give the world to someone they love, and some who would tear it apart for them.

"I'm sorry." Tommy says quietly.

"Don't be. He's the one who kidnapped you, and I'm here to clean up his mess and talk him into reason."

Sapnap had said Scott was power hungry, too high on the feeling of control. But Jimmy spoke of it being a misguided attempt at affection.

"What's with the fish?" Quackity suddenly asks, breaking the moment. "Listen, it's driving me crazy."

"Oh!" Jimmy brightens, "I can talk to them! People always used to make fun of me for it, but Scott used to stop them."

"Holy shit! You're the cod father!" Tommy exclaims.

The cod father was a vigilante for a good six days before he was publicly arrested for freeing the fish from a pet store. His vigilanteism was more of him going around and stealing fish from stores, but Tommy secretly thought it was quite heroic. Those pet stores abuse fish and everyone knew it.

"Yeah! Scott had to bail me out from that one, but I learned my lesson."

"I'll go with him." Tommy decides.

Quackity sighs, shaking his head. "I'm not going to stop you, but I want it known I'm not liking this."

"Big Q, I trust him. He's the cod father!"

Quackity softens, shoulders lowering just slightly. "If you ever need something feel free to come here. Just tell the men at the door my name and yours. You're a fucking menace, but a good kid."

"That's touching." Jimmy says. "But, uh, Scott will know I'm gone soon if he doesn't already know so we should move fast now."

Tommy stands from his spiny chair, picking up his bag.

"See you around then, Q."

"Wait, Tommy." Quackity's gaze flickers to the pen but doesn't say anything about it. "Be careful."

"Didn't you know? Careful is my middle name."

One of them at least.

Chapter End Notes

I love Jimmy's character and I didn't even originally plan to have him in this story at all... What about you guys? What do you think of him?

Jimmy the Fish Man

Chapter Summary

Jimmy, as it turns out, is complicated.

//implied child abuse/neglect

Chapter Notes

Enjoy the chapter! (I'm sorry)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The street was quiet apart from Jimmy talking to his fish, and that was getting a bit weird. A few passerby's had already given them weird looks.

"I know! Tommy, don't you agree?"

"With what?"

"Oh, yeah. That the Sponebob ice creams taste the best."

"Uh... sure big man. Whatever you say."

Jimmy was crazy. There had to be a few screws in his head loose somewhere, right? Tommy might sympathize with him, but that doesn't stop him from being weirded out too.

For now they just seemed to be walking in a random direction. Jimmy said it was some type of safe house, but Jimmy was also crazy. He wouldn't be surprised if it was somehow a bomb shelter and there were secretly nukes involved.

He kicks at a rock on the sidewalk, sending it skittering a few paces ahead.

"Scott hated physical activity." Jimmy sighs. Tommy missed his next kick at the rock, head snapping up to look at Jimmy and his fish.

"He did?"

"Always. Both of us sat out gym with forged doctors notes. He always said it was better than if he played anyways."

"High School sweethearts then?" Tommy guesses.

Scott was interesting and he was nosy.

"Middle School sweethearts." Jimmy laughs. "We were such dorks. I was a teacher's pet, and honestly he was too. Back when he wasn't trying to... you know... I've never seen anyone with the cheer he had."

Were they talking about the same Scott? The Scott Tommy knew had a dark chill about him, something sinister in his aura. Cheerful didn't seem like it would describe Scott, ever.

"I bet." Tommy lies.

"Alright, alright. I can hear the doubt in your voice, but it was true! Scott loved jokes. And he always had a positive saying for every bad thing that happened." Jimmy's head drops, staring sadly at his fish. "I miss it."

"Oh." Tommy says, way out of his depth. Emotions were something he tended to avoid. "I'm sure it'll pass and you'll get him back soon."

When in doubt, lie your way out. How's that for a positive saying?

Truthfully, Tommy doubted that Scott could return to his cheery self if that was who he truly was. You don't go from kidnapping someone to joyful, it just didn't happen.

But maybe, if it was out of love, it was possible. Love was such a weird, finicky, thing. Tommy hated the idea of it until he met Tubbo, then Ranboo. Then maybe Wilbur, but his dad sold Tommy out so that wasn't happening.

"I don't want him back soon, I want my husband back now. Tommy, I miss him."

And missing someone? Tommy could relate to that. Truthfully, Tommy could relate to Jimmy far too well.

Not that his husband ever became an evil dude who kidnaps people, because he didn't have a husband, but to his emotions.

He used to miss parents all the time. The feeling of thinking it was just a small mistake, they didn't really mean to kick him out, that Tommy could fix everything. It was a lie though, he couldn't fix anything.

Now, he found love in his best friends, his family. If they ever went crazy? Yeah, Tommy would smack them so fast that they'd snap right out of it. Actually, Tommy kind of is in the reverse situation.

Jimmy's husband went evil.

Tommy's family went good, way too good.

"Rough shit." Tommy murmurs.

"Yeah. That's why I'm sorry."

Why Jimmy's sorry? What does he have to be sorry about?

"You understand the feeling of missing someone, right? You'd do anything for your friends, right?"

How does Jimmy know about his friends?

"Yeah?" Tommy hesitantly answers.

"Then you'll forgive me, right? I'm... Scott would have done anything for me. I'd be a bad husband if I was never there for him. Tommy Innit, I don't agree with his methods. Kidnapping you was a bad thing to do, but..."

Tommy looks around, noticing for the first time that they're far away from any life form. But Jimmy was suffering from heartache, he wouldn't do anything rash.

His hand tightens on his bag, taking a careful step away from Jimmy. Jimmy stops walking, turning to Tommy.

"Jimmy?"

Tommy really needs to stop trusting people.

"You understand, don't you. Why I have to do this. If this is what will make Scott happy..."

"You're going to kidnap me again?!" Tommy shrieks.

"I'm asking you to come willingly. Scott tried to keep me away from this, but I love him too."

Tommy was going to lose it if one more person tried to kidnap him. Go full Thanos and obliterate them into dust.

"Fuck off." He snaps.

"I was hoping you wouldn't say that. But at the very least, I was prepared."

He isn't going to stick around and find out what Jimmy had done to prepare. Whatever it was, Tommy didn't have his powers to fight back against it. So instead, he turns and runs.

A very important thing about Tommy; he isn't good at running. His bag is weighing him down, but has the compass from Tubbo in it.

As he sprints away from Jimmy, that trickster, he throws things out of the bag at random until he finds the compass.

"Whoever sold me it tried to go on about the meaning of finding your own way." Tubbo had said.

He was far away from anywhere he knew, this was his last shot. He had to find his own way out of here.

"Tommy!" Jimmy yells.

"Please, please, please fucking work." He whispers, looking down at it.

It's shaky because he's running, but the little needle points straight ahead in one steady direction. On Christmas it hadn't done that, it just spun uselessly in circles.

If magic was real, this had to be it.

By the primes, let this lead him somewhere safe.

With that thought, Tommy ran harder than he ever had before.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah... I'm sorry...

Fun fact: I write a chapter ahead, so that at any given time I have at least one chapter done. It also makes sure I don't steal someone else's ideas, except lately I've been sick so I've written absolutely nothing. If the next chapter comes a little late I apologize!

Dream (not a dream)

Chapter Summary

The sacrifices Dream makes for some child is incredible.

Chapter Notes

IM POSTING ON TIME!! WHO'S READY FOR DREAM'S PERSPECTIVE?!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

There were a lot of times Dream was unlucky in life. Then there were times where he was so lucky he felt invincible, on top of the world.

This was not one of those wondrous times. For the past three days he had been in a constant state of go, stuck in misery. Being the leader of the Dream Team fucking sucked sometimes.

First, he finds out Tommy was kidnapped. Then he has to keep the stupid child safe while trying to find the evil villain that kidnapped him. Oh, and then Tommy fucking vanishes. This was the worst week of his life.

Don't get him wrong, he loves Tommy, the kid has something charismatic about him, but hell if he wasn't a chaotic little shit. Given the choice between babysitting literally any other child and Tommy he would stare at Tommy whilst picking the other kid.

So here Dream was, all because he had failed to babysit Tommy, about to give up the only advantage he had in the world.

"Well?" Sapnap huffs, nudging him forward. "Go."

"Don't act like this is my fault Snapmap." Dream bites back.

He knows Sapnap is just expressing his worry in an unhealthy way, but man he did not have the energy to put up with it.

"Guys." 404 interrupts. "Please. Let's just get this done with. Sapnap and I will be right here if anything goes wrong."

He pats the wall in what Dream guesses is meant to be a reassuring manor. It's not.

"I'm walking into a meeting with a hero. If this goes south, I want you two out of here. Understand me?"

"But-"

"We understand." 404 gives Sapnap a glare, silencing him. "First sign of a trap we're running."

"Good. Here goes nothing."

Oh, how easily a person could fall from grace. The top super villain meeting with the top hero, reduced to nothing more than a beggar. The Blade would hold all the cards yet Dream couldn't let him know that.

Through word of mouth, also known as paying someone to walk into Hero HQ and just tell the receptionist his message, he had arranged a meeting. It was set at midnight at the very place Dream had earned a favor from The Blade.

That night seemed so long ago now. It was, actually. Nearly two years but neither of them had forgotten. Sometimes there were evils greater than each other out there.

A stroke of bad luck put The Blade on death's row, and Dream had saved him. Dream might be a villain, but the death of his antithesis didn't feel right. Nothing changed, their fights didn't end, but it went unspoken that Dream was owed something.

His footsteps are loud in the hollow building, echoing off the walls to bounce back at him.

"You're late." The Blade says. No greeting, no pleasantries.

"I had other business." Like making sure they didn't trap the place. The Blade might be honorable, but others seemed to lose their morals in favor of fame or revenge.

Neither one speaks, each not wanting to lose whatever advantage they had. Speaking would make them seem eager, but Dream didn't have the time to waste.

"I'm cashing in my favor. You can't tell anyone about this, and you forget it ever happened afterwards."

"I'm not an idiot Dream. Get on with it already, I don't have all day."

"I need you to help me find someone."

The Blade doesn't move, doesn't change anything, but Dream can still feel the curiosity waft off him.

"You're making me do your dirty work?"

Dream grits his teeth. "His name is Tommy Innit. He's a kid. Tall, golden blond hair, blue eyes. Loud as fuck."

The sound of The Blade's axe being taken out of its sheath echoes much like his footsteps. In the dim lighting it seems to glow a dark purple, carrying the threat of death.

Dream, despite himself, takes a step backwards. This wouldn't be an even fight. He came here with no weapons on his person as a sign of peace.

"How do you know Tommy?" The Blade asks, his voice low and carrying something that sounds like protectiveness.

Dream would know, he has people he protects too.

"Calm down, I have reason to believe he's kidnapped. I don't want him hurt."

"If I find out you're lying I will gladly end your life."

"Like you could if you tried." Dream shakes his head, "I'm not lying. You'll help me?"

"I'll help." The Blade confirms, replacing his axe.

"How do you know Tommy?"

"I don't."

"Liar."

"How do you know Tommy?" The Blade turns his own question on him, and Dream laughs.

"Touché."

"I'm callin' in my team." He gruffly says, already starting to turn away.

"They can't know about this." Dream reminds him.

Tommy couldn't be put in harms way. He wouldn't do that to the kid. The amount of trouble he'd get into just for knowing Dream...

"They'll help and won't tell anybody. If you want the kid found then they need to know."

Dream takes a deep breath in. He wants Tommy found, he wants Tommy safe.

"Fine. I'll get 404 and Sapnap."

"Let's meet somewhere nicer next time." The Blade says, knocking something out of his path with his boot.

"Where? Hero HQ?" Dream scoffs at his own words.

"Like Las Nevadas. Two hours?"

Dream's familiar with the owner, although he's sure The Blade knows that. It's probably the closest thing to neutral ground they have around here.

"One."

"Two." The Blade repeats. "Unlike your team, mine actually has lives."

"Two." Dream agrees, giving a placating smile he can't even see.

He's given a short nod in return, a swish of that stupid cape, and then is left with the air. Dream has two hours to prepare himself and his friends to work with SBI.

Something tells him it's going to be hell.

Chapter End Notes

And slowly it comes together. What do you guys think will happen? Also, please tell me if you like Dream's perspective or if I should just shut up and go back to Tommy.

He's not protective, just... very concerned

Chapter Summary

The Dream Team and SBI meet up, with a little bit of Quackity thrown into the mix. Personally, Wilbur thinks it's a recipe for disaster.

Chapter Notes

I'm on time!! I actually ran a twitter poll to see which one you wanted more, Dream or Wilbur's perspective, and Wilbur won. (This is why you should follow my twitter, wink wink).

Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was safe to say Wilbur was afraid. Terrified even.

Dream didn't come using up his favor every day, and Dream certainly didn't make a habit of befriending kids. Whoever Tommy was to him meant that he was important. And it was kind of freaking Wilbur out because he did not want to have that in common.

He knows one time they met, something Tommy said about a kidnapping and dinner, but that wouldn't make him this important.

"This is bad, really bad." He exclaims, throwing his hands wildly in the air.

Phil watches him pace, arms crossed. Techno doesn't even look up from his laptop.

"Is it possible we don't really know who Tommy is?" Phil asks.

Wilbur's head snaps around to give him a furious glare. Almost immediately Phil puts his hands in the air to signal surrender.

"Just asking mate!"

"Tommy isn't a villain. He wouldn't do that, no way. He's just a kid!"

"Alright, alright. I believe you."

"We can ask him when we get him back." Techno decides, still fiddling with his laptop. "Can someone get Quackity? I think his stupid projector is broken."

And that was another thing! Why would Techno agree to meet Dream at Quackity's? He knows Quackity and Wilbur have a feud, and the casino owner was so nosy.

Sure, Techno was the one to give Quackity a scar, and maybe they were all technically on good terms now, but Wilbur just despised that smug fucker. With his stupid little smug smile, and his hoard of riches...

"Where is Dream? If he doesn't show up-" Wilbur begins, but is cut off by Phil loudly exclaiming something.

"Oh! Hello there DREAM! I was just on my way to grab Quackity!"

Luckily he can get the hint and shuts up quickly. Wilbur is many things, but dumb is not currently one of them. Maybe another time, but not right now.

"Dream." Techno says, raising his head.

"Blade." The masked man turns to Wilbur and inclines his head slightly. "Whisht. Where exactly is Angel going?"

"To get Quackity so he can fix his projector." He answers, picking up a poster. One of the three missing posters, the only one he's guessing is from Tommy's roommates.

Wilbur most likely knows the most out of his family. After all, this was partly his fault. If he was just on time to pick Tommy up... he shakes the self-blaming thoughts from his head. Something his therapist told him to do.

When he got there all that remained of the boy was his cracked phone. It was face down on the ground, and Wilbur just knew something was wrong.

"Good. We need to find Tommy, sooner rather than later."

He clenches his jaw, ignoring the warning look that Techno is definitely giving him. "How do you know Tommy?" He blurts.

"How about how you know Tommy?"

Dream and his stupid composed voice and his stupid mask. Tommy was missing and he was calm when Wilbur wasn't. It wasn't fair.

"Civilian identities." He answers.

"Whisht." Techno snaps.

"Interesting." Dream muses, wandering over to the posters.

"Now what about you?"

"Oh, you don't need to know."

"You motherfucking-"

"WHISHT!" Angel yells loudly. "DONT FINISH THAT SENTENCE!"

He stalks back, wings folded nicely on his back with four people trailing behind. Wilbur glares at the suit-clad man following his father. The other two people are 404 and Sapnap, who must've gotten lost or something.

Sapnap snickers, hiding it poorly behind his hand.

"Shut up." Wilbur says, voice coated in honey.

"Dream called in his favor." Techno reminds him lowly, and with a heavy sigh Wilbur releases the hold his power has on Sapnap.

"You're saying my projector isn't working?" Quackity asks, walking past Phil and bumping shoulders with Wilbur.

"No clue why."

"Have you tried turning it on?"

He snags Techno's axe to reach up and click the button on the projector. It flickers to life, broadcasting a photo of Tommy onto the wall.

"Oh, hey! That kid! Uh, Tommy! Yeah!"

"You know Tommy?!" Dream and Wilbur chorus together.

Maybe Phil was right, maybe he didn't know Tommy as well as he thought he did. To associate with Quackity is a crime in his book.

"Yeah! Kid was outside my casino and I had seen the missing posters, so I told him I'd get him home. But turns out he was kidnapped or some shit, but then the husband of the kidnapper burst in. They ended up leaving together. His name was Timmy? Jimmy? Yeah, Jimmy!"

Oh, so Tommy wasn't actually friends with him. That's better.

"Jimmy Solidarity?" Phil cries. "YOU LET MY CHILD LEAVE WITH JIMMY SOLIDARITY?!"

"Your-" Dream starts, but Wilbur cuts him off.

"You three, forget Angel ever said that." He orders.

"This is why I don't introduce him to my friends." Techno grumbles. "He just adopts everyone."

"Listen man, I don't have a clue who Jimmy Solidarity is, but he seemed really upset over his husband turning evil." Quackity shrugs.

Wilbur doesn't know who Jimmy Solidarity is either, but Phil doesn't like him and Quackity doesn't know him so he'll pretend like he does.

"Oh, you know, just a super villain and vigilante."

"Wait..." Sapnap mumbles. "That doesn't add up."

"A long time ago he went on a rampage with his boyfriend called Scott. A lot of people got hurt, and many more died. He showed up again a few years later as a vigilante with a husband that kept stealing fish from stores and freeing them. We were forced to arrest him, but due to a previous deal he got off free." Phil explains, feathers puffed out in clear agitation. "In short, you handed Tommy off to a murderer."

Wilbur freezes, jaw dropping open. The opposite happens to Dream and he launches forward.

"We have to find Jimmy then. Where is he?"

Phil shakes his head and steps away. "If Jimmy really is involved then I can't be here. Blade and Whisht can't either; it would violate the terms of our deal."

"It's Tommy!"

"It's the favor!"

Wilbur and Techno make their outraged cries at the same time.

He would rather die than leave Tommy in the hands of a supposed murderer. Rather lose his hero license than let someone he thought of as a brother get hurt.

"If you have to step back we understand." 404 says, giving a frown to Dream. Wilbur would bet good money his eyes were probably glaring at Dream to not talk. "But if you're willing to stay, then stay."

"If Blade and Angel stay, I'll stay." Phil decides. "I care about Tommy just as much as everyone else in this room, but if we heroes get involved things could turn out a lot worse."

"I'm staying." Wilbur immediately says. "I don't care if I have to control the whole damn city."

"I'll stay too. Sorry Angel." Techno gives their father a shrug.

"We won't be able to use HQ resources. All of the stuff on Jimmy is under alarm, if we search for it then it'll notify higher ups." Phil relents.

"I think I know someone who could help." Quackity proclaims, still looking at that photo of Tommy.

Wilbur took that photo.

"Who?" Sapnap asks curiously.

"Well... a few someone's." He grins widely, evilly.

Wilbur knows exactly who he's talking about, who he'll call to help. A group who weren't villains or heroes, not quite vigilantes either.

People who had control that went deeper than The Dream Team, deeper than SBI's. Possibly the most dangerous people in the world.

"Don't you dare." Wilbur spits. "You can't trust them."

"They owe me a few things, I can trust them." Quackity waves it off.

"Who?" Sapnap presses again.

"The Hermits."

Phil's wings ruffle aggressively. After this day is done, they'll be helping to preen for ages. He'll be complaining about feathers falling out from stress for years to come.

"It's bad enough we're working with Dream, the worst supervillain, but you want us to work with Hermits?"

"Don't forget what you're working for. There is a kid's life on the line." Sapnap snaps.

"We know that, and we chose to stay." Techno says firmly.

"I mean, I do have to admit I didn't think I'd ever work with The Dream Team." Wilbur snorts. "Or Hermits."

"We're a lot better than you think." 404 crosses his arms, head angling upwards as if to make up for being the shortest in the room.

"Dream literally stabs The Blade on the daily." Somewhere he knows this is a bad idea, but he doesn't stop. "I help file mission reports and I know what you guys do. Like the time Dream and Sapnap blew up a building?"

"Whisht." Sapnap warns.

"Or when we had to clean up after the mess you guys made on Albark Street?"

Dream stares straight ahead, not at him, but at Techno. It's as if he's silently saying to "get your teammate under control."

"Simply put, you're just glorified murderers." Wilbur shrugs. "And we're working with you all."

"You can number my evils to prosecute me but do not amount me to nothing more than my sins." Dream spits. "I might have unsavory methods but we've done more change than any hero has. Down on the streets we protect vigilantes, we get rid of the common murderers, we take out the lowlife criminals."

The theater kid in Wilbur sings at the line, but he forces it down and away.

"We can't fight if we want any chance of saving Tommy." 404 puts a hand on Dream's arm, Sapnap stepping up in line beside them.

"404's right." Phil sighs, causing Wilbur to deflate. "Especially if we're meeting with Hermits."

"So it's settled. I call in some Hermits?" Quackity asks.

"Call in the Hermits." Techno confirms.

Chapter End Notes

And so The Hermits get pulled in. How do you think that's gonna go? Did you expect it?

I'm really loving writing these chapters, I hope you guys are liking them!

Jimmy is not poggers

Chapter Summary

Two of The Hermits show up, revealing interesting information on Jimmy. Wilbur defends into madness a little bit more.

Chapter Notes

30 chapters and 50,000 hits. Thank you for all the support on this!

Anyways, enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

If Wilbur had a nickel for every time he teamed up with a group considered villains, he'd have two nickels. Which isn't a lot but it's weird that it happened twice, right?

The first being The Dream Team, and now the second was going to be The Hermits. According to Quackity, they were sending two people to the casino to meet with them.

Phil had been anxious the entire time they were waiting, even as Dream explained his side of the story. Wilbur was anxious too, and no doubt so was Techno, but they could hide it a bit better than the one with literal wings.

"So if The Hermits can dig into Jimmy, then what?" Techno cuts through the silence that had fallen between them all, "we can't exactly just go at him, guns blazing."

"Yes we can." Sapnap says, a gleeful smile lighting up his face.

"No. We'd have to follow the process of the law. We'll find him and interrogate him, find Tommy, and arrest this Scott guy." Phil crosses his arms as if daring anyone to argue with him.

"I dunno, I'd sure like to get a good hit on them." Wilbur mumbles.

Sapnap, being the one closest to him, turns that smile on him. It sends a shiver through his spine. There's something dark there, something dangerous. So far the fire-controlling man seemed to be the least serious one, but by this look Wilbur wouldn't be surprised if he was the craziest.

"We have to catch him to talk to him first, Angel." Dream says, not impolitely. "And I say we ___"

"Not go in guns blazing." A new voice says, and everyone in the room jumps.

A man with sandy-colored hair, a red sweater, black pants, and wings strapped to his back, walks in with someone else. Fake wings guy feels familiar, almost like Wilbur knows him.

The second person is decked out in a lot of red. A red jacket, red pants, red top hat, dark red shoes. The only thing to set it off is the green waistcoat and white dress shirt.

"I'm Grian, this is Scar." Fake wings guy introduces. "We're part of The Hermits."

All of a sudden it clicks exactly where he knows them from.

"Grian?! Like, cafe Grian?! And Grocer's Scar?!"

"Okay, Scar literally has his name plastered on his building but how do you know me from the cafe?! Actually, doesn't matter. What matters is that nobody will believe you if you tell them."

Suddenly The Hermits weren't quite as scary. You're telling him the scariest group of people owned fucking cafes and grocery stores?

"Wha- do you even know why you're here?!"

"To give information on Jimmy Solidarity of course." Scar says pleasantly.

Quackity laughs awkwardly. "I didn't tell them all of the information..."

"Is that Tommy?!" Grian yells, staring at the projector.

"The Hermits know Tommy?!" Phil exclaims.

"How the hell does this kid know everybody he isn't meant to?" Techno asks, shaking his head.

"Tommy was kidnapped by Scott, Jimmy's husband, we rescued him, and now Jimmy has him." Dream summarizes quickly.

"TOMMY IS WITH JIMMY?! OH THAT-"

Scar places a hand on Grian's shoulder, the outraged man falling silent. He was still visibly fuming, hands balling into fists at his sides. Jimmy was definitely going to get an earful from him at least. If Wilbur couldn't punch the fucker, there was always that.

"Sorry for my friend, he's just a little concerned you left a literal kid with a supervillain!"

Okay, Mr. passive-aggressive.

"We didn't leave Tommy with anyone. Talk to Quackity, he let him leave!" Wilbur motions to him, and is satisfied to see Quackity step back in fear.

"Woah now guy, take it easy, I didn't know he was a supervillain! Kid wanted to go with him!"

"And you trusted his judgement?!" Everyone yells at once.

Dammit Tommy, it's like he wanted to run directly at trouble! Wilbur was going to shake him, hard enough for some sense to be knocked in there. And then he would let Phil mother-hen him until Tommy cried.

"Everyone take a seat. Now." Phil orders, tapping into his team leader skill. It's not often he orders people around so it's easy to forget how he can command a room.

Once seated though, Dream takes over.

"Grian, Scar, why don't you tell us everything you know about Jimmy."

"Woah, first I think we should talk about the plan before we give you this information." Scar says with an awkward laugh.

"Yeah, it's incredibly dangerous to try and just... go at him!" Grian agrees.

"We have the most powerful people in the city right here. What's stopping us? The man talks to fish!" Quackity throws his hands in the air, nearly hitting Wilbur who ducks to avoid it.

"That's exactly why you'll loose! You underestimate him! Jimmy Solidarity isn't just some fish-talking man! He's unpredictable, he doesn't predictably choose a side," Grian ticks off things on his fingers as he goes, "he isn't a citizen of this city, therefore not held by our laws! He has legal immunity, a whole legion of people loyal to him, a husband that is already proven to kill for him."

Seven fingers are held up when Grian looks up.

"Need I go on?"

"No. I say we approach him nicely and talk. Easy and simple, don't let him know we're onto him." Wilbur turns to his father, already knowing that the words weren't a good plan.

"He'll know. He's smart, smart enough to trick Tommy. A kid with a lot of street smarts was fooled, that's not something to take lightly." He sighs, hating that he's arguing against his dad. Even if his own words were correct.

Tommy, as much as Wilbur wished he hadn't, used to live on the streets. That could do something to a kid, harden them. If Tommy survived that means he survived with knowledge.

"What if one of us approached him as a distraction? Then Whisht could sneak up on him while invisible, Blade and I could be hiding around a corner, and we attack him." Upon noticing Phil's ruffled wings, he quickly adds, "knock him unconscious, that's it."

"I could be the distraction. With my wings I could fly out of there quick if things go south." Grian volunteers.

"You're sticking around?" Sapnap asks.

"Of course I am! It's Tommy!" He sounds appalled at the very idea he wouldn't stay, which Wilbur can agree with.

Why is he agreeing with so many bad guys today?!

"What about the rest of us?" Scar glances around at them all nervously.

"We can stay wherever we decide to keep Jimmy when we ask him some questions. I can hack into any cameras so we can make sure everything is fine." 404 drums his fingers on the table, the laptop in front of him, before looking around at them all for opinions on his part of the plan.

"Works for me." Wilbur says.

"Everyone good with the plan?" Dream asks. His painted mask dares them to say no, a challenge nobody wants to take.

Apart from Phil. "I don't like that my teammates will be away from me. I could hide on a roof for a quick escape in case things go really south."

"Great. All good with the new plan?" Dream asks again.

This time nobody disagrees, and he leans back in his chair.

"Right. So I guess it's our turn with the information then." Scar says. "Uh, Grian?"

"Yup. Like ages ago Jimmy went on a random rampage with Scott, killed seven people. He attacked a bank, not for money but to shoot eighteen people. Scared of him and unable to catch him, the heroes gave him a deal. Legal immunity for not murdering more people. So instead he stole fish from pet stores and quote, freed them, which he didn't, he kept them for an army. Heroes told him to stop but didn't press charges due to legal immunity."

Phil winces, lowering his head in shame. Wilbur and Techno weren't with the heroes yet when that had happened so it wasn't their fault, but Phil had to be feeling guilty. Wilbur almost felt bad, but his attention was drawn away by Grian continuing.

"The Hermits started watching him closer, noticing he kept going to a warehouse, then, a second one. That was more recent, so we can guess that's where Scott had been. Scott only appeared in that one rampage with Jimmy, but doesn't have legal immunity like him. Anyways, Jimmy was seen with several shipments of salt water and pure water. And a lot of building materials."

"Oh god, it really is a fish army." Techno groans. "What does he even think will happen? They'll grow thumbs and be able to use a gun?"

"His second power." Grian says somberly, "is the ability to shape-shift fish."

So they can grow thumbs. Techno, you fucking jinxed them. Wilbur was going to strangle him for that comment.

"We can modify our plan to lead him away then. Get him away from his warehouse army." Dream decides. "Easy."

"Yeah, and then we pounce." Sapnap laughs, the sound loud. "Oh, he's gonna regret messing with our Tommy."

The way Sapnap had said "our Tommy" felt like it meant more than the Dream Team. It felt like it meant all of them, everyone in the room.

Wilbur didn't make a deal with the devil.

He teamed up with five of them.

Chapter End Notes

So all of you have just been hating on Scott, and completely ignoring that nobody is going for Scott right now. They're going for Jimmy. Jimmy is the current bad guy here.

With all this new information about Jimmy, what're your thoughts on him? Still love him?

But most importantly... do you think the plan will work?

Drake the fish

Chapter Summary

Jimmy, it turns out, is evil as fuck. Tommy thinks his odds are pretty shitty.

// lots of despair, one sentence of dehumanization

Chapter Notes

He's alive!! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Have you ever been chased? Maybe by someone trying to kidnap you? If not, Tommy can explain it pretty easily. It's a lot of adrenaline, praying, and panic. Like that split second when you wake up from a nightmare, extended into forever.

With the city being the maze, Tommy couldn't help but remember an old myth he heard from somewhere. Theseus and the Minotaur. Jimmy, the unbeatable opponent, Tommy, the one destined to fail.

His compass broke.

After leading him in a perfect straight line, the thing started spinning in circles again. No matter how many loops he ran, hoops he jumped through, it didn't fix itself. Of course it wouldn't. He was so stupid! Magic wasn't real, there was no god to help him.

Tommy Innit was going to wither away as a glorified science experiment. The world would forget his name, left to be a meaningless pile of bones.

He swallows, the lump hard to press down. Tubbo and Ranboo were his last hopes, his last, well, his last anything.

"Tommy! I know you're here somewhere!" Jimmy shouts.

His voice echoes off the walls of the alley Tommy ducked down, bouncing around in a way that seemed to lead right to his hiding spot. Crouched behind some bins, he was terrified. Too exhausted to run, too stubborn to go down without a fight, what other choice did he have?

"Not to be cliché, but you can run but you can't hide Tommy!"

Oh, fucking asshole had to use that line. He just had to.

He never should've left Quackity. Hell, he never should've left Dream!

A few stray papers blow by, directly into his hiding spot. The shadows filtered in so the sun was lighting the opposite wall to him, but the movement might've been visible to Jimmy.

Dark brick, dark bins. The cobbled streets announced every suspenseful step toward him. Closing his eyes, Tommy bows his head and waits.

"Here Tommy, Tommy."

At the very least, he wishes he could've made up with his best friends.

A hand lands on his arm, grip punishingly tight. It forcefully drags him away from his hiding spot causing Tommy to scream.

When he opens his eyes, it isn't Jimmy that's holding him.

It's a giant fish, in a way. The tail morphed at the end into two feet-like shapes, fins made into human hands, but the rest of it was just... a fish. To put it shortly, the creature was terrifying.

"Good job Drake!" Jimmy says, and Tommy draws his horrified gaze away from the thing holding him.

"What is this?!" He yells, trying to fight the inhumanly strong hand. No matter what he tries, it won't let go of him.

"That's Drake, one of my friends. He's really good at rapping actually-"

"No! I mean, what the hell is Drake?!"

"Oh, he's a fish! I had to make a few modifications to allow him to be on land, but he doesn't look half bad."

Jimmy smiles at the fish, and Tommy wants to throw up.

"Fuck yes he looks bad! He looks horrible! It's a monster!"

Impossibly, Drake's grip tightens on him. His bones might break under the pressure, bruises sure to stick around for weeks. He cries out in pain, any struggles stopping.

"That's rude! He has feelings, you know." Jimmy pouts briefly. "Anyways, now that I've captured you, I'll take you back to Scott and everything will be normal again."

"No! You can't do that! Asshole! Mother fucker! HELP!" He screams, tearing at his vocal chords in a last ditch attempt.

The fish-man called Drake slaps his hand over his mouth, seeming indifferent when Tommy licks it. That's perhaps the scariest thing.

"Nobody is going to help you, you're all alone. It's okay though, you won't be for long! Scott and Lizzie and Joel and Lauren will be your friends!" That isn't the assurance Tommy wanted right now.

He wanted to go home. Wherever that was. He wanted a hug, he wanted to take a nap and never wake up. Tommy wanted to be selfish, but the chances of him getting what he wanted were too slim. One in 7.5 trillion.

If he hadn't been so desperate for someone to help him, he wouldn't have heard it.

The smallest of noises, sounding something like "vwoop!" Maybe a drop of water through a wind tunnel, the sound warped. Whatever it was, it was noise that didn't belong.

It was a person.

"Get away from my friend."

Purple particles burst out from behind Jimmy, reminding Tommy of static. Two glowing eyes—red and green—cut through them, a gloved hand reaching forward to hit Jimmy in the back of the head.

He crumples like a house of folding cards, falling to the ground with a dull thud.

Drake lets go of him, rushing forward. Those weird eyes on the side of his silver head manage to get larger, something he didn't think was possible.

"Tommy, duck!" Maybe it was stupid to trust an unfamiliar voice, but Tommy drops to the ground.

A bolt of, what the fuck, is that lightning? Shoots above him, hitting Drake in the back. Or, the back fin thing. For a split second it crackles over his scales before Drake joins Jimmy on the dirty ground.

"What the fuck?!" Tommy shrieks. "You electrocuted him!"

The purple particles finally dissipate, revealing a very tall and very nervous vigilante. Opia stands there, holding some type of bat, staring at the two bodies on the floor.

"They aren't dead, right?" He asks.

"Nope!" Paralain bounces out from behind Tommy, leaning down to check the pulse of Jimmy. "Just passed out." With a glance at the fish, he amends, "well, I think."

Opia fidgets nervously with his hands, glancing around them. "We need to get home before something bad happens."

Paralain snorts, taking off his goggles to reveal the eyes of Tommy's best friend.

"You're too paranoid, boss man."

"Put your goggles back on! Someone could see!" Ranboo hisses, reaching forward to grab Tubbo wrist. "Tommy, grab my hand. We can go back home."

"No! You can't!" He blurts. "There's- Scott has people there, they'll see and they'll kill you!"

Tubbo and Ranboo look at each for a moment. It's the look of a secret, but not of keeping one. Of relinquishing one.

"Yeah, okay. We won't go there. There's somewhere else we can go. Just grab my hand."

He stands up, taking a second to brush the dust off his pants, then takes Ranboo's gloved hand. The familiar pull of teleportation tugs in his gut, and he shuts his eyes.

When he opens them again, they're somewhere entirely new.

Scar's Grocery, if he remember correctly. It's been a while since they've been here. Ranboo getting fired kind of gave him a small grudge against the place, even if Scar himself had been nothing but nice. They're in the break room where Tommy would sometimes spend lunches with Ranboo. A few posters, chairs, and tables decorate the space, but no people.

"Scar shut the place down for a few days starting today. Nobody knows why, they're guessing renovations." Tubbo explains. "But since Ranboo knows the place pretty well, we agreed that if anything happened in an emergency we could come here even before it closed."

"Scar wouldn't turn us in or anything, he really likes vigilantes." Ranboo nods.

He takes off his jacket, mask, gloves, and glasses to discard on the table. Tubbo does the same, discarding the weird jacket, goggles, and black mask. Following suit, Tommy drops the compass there.

"Hey! My compass!" Tubbo exclaims, picking it up.

"You won't believe it! That thing worked! Well, for like two hours, but it worked!"

"It worked?" Tubbo echoes.

"I asked it to lead me to safety, and it pointed in one direction." He says.

"Probably just a coincidence." Ranboo shrugs. "It was really lucky we found you though. If we hadn't been patrolling around there..."

Where Ranboo trails off, Tubbo covers for him so Tommy doesn't have to think about that what if.

"Where have you been? We put up missing posters everywhere for you!"

For a sickening moment, Tommy can't say anything. He was too weak to fight back against Scott, against Jimmy, and against that fish man. What would his friends think of him? The great Tommy, second biggest man ever, turned small.

But then he realizes.

They would think he was human.

That sometimes you need help.

So he opens his mouth, and does what he does best. He starts talking.

Chapter End Notes

Everyone wanted to know where bench trio had gone, so here they are. This was surprisingly easy for me to write, so I want to know what you guys think will happen next. Will Tubbo go on a murderous rampage? Will they discover everyone else's plan to "talk" to Jimmy?

But, most importantly, what do you want to happen next?

The Warden's Workshop

Chapter Summary

Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo go to the Warden's workshop. They say it's to get rid of the collar on Tommy, but let's be honest, Tubbo just wants to fanboy.

Chapter Notes

It's so weird to think that I'll have to write the last chapter soon. And by soon, I mean I have no idea when I'm writing the last chapter. Enjoy this one though!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

By the time he's finished recalling his kidnapping, they've eaten their way through several bags of chips and some juice boxes. Tubbo and Ranboo are staring at him with slack jaws, a mixture of horror and anger in their eyes.

"Scott is going to die." Tubbo finally declares. "We'll kill him for you."

"We will?" Ranboo whispers. "I mean, yes! We will!"

"That's all great and good, but I'm of no use with this stupid collar on me." He reaches up to tug on it, proving it won't move. "Apparently it shuts off my powers and can shock me. The last one might've been a bluff though."

"Probably not, if it really is from Pandora. Scott just thinks you're with Dream, so it'll be useless." Tubbo reasons.

"So how do we get it off? It's made of netherite, it's invincible!" Tommy throws his hands in the air, frustrated. He can't live his entire life with this thing on him!

"Almost invincible."

Ranboo's head jerks up. "We can't afford netherite!"

"No, obviously not. If this really is a Pandora's vault collar, then the Warden will have a key that can unlock any of them." Tubbo explains. "All we have to do is talk to him and maybe steal from him."

"Why would he give us the key for free? He's the Warden! We don't have anything to offer him!"

The Warden, just the scariest hero in the world. No offense to the Angel of Death, but Tommy was more scared of the Warden. He wasn't just in charge of the prison, he designed the thing! And he was still a hero!

"There's someone out there looking to manipulate everyone's powers. I think information on him is plenty."

Tubbo, the crazed bastard, might've actually thought of a plan that works. All of a sudden, Ranboo pales drastically.

"Tubbo no." He says.

"Come on Boo! It's the only way!"

"Wait, what?" Tommy asks, having missed something.

"He wants to break into his workshop! The Warden's workshop! There's no way it isn't teleport proof, you'll get us all killed!"

"Tubbo!" He cries, swirling to glare at him. "You can't kill Ranboo!"

Unbothered, Tubbo shrugs. "We're kids, he's not going to hurt us. Everyone knows he has a soft spot for kids."

"It'll never work." Ranboo says. "And I'm not doing it."

—

"I got this. I got this. I got this." Ranboo whispers to himself.

Tommy pats his shoulder sympathetically. "I have faith." Behind Ranboo's back, he shakes his head at Tubbo.

"In and out, quick as a flash." Tubbo promises, his smile full of deception.

Ranboo nods, tightening his grip on their hands. It had only taken a full hour of convincing, but here they were. The entire plan was dependent on one thing: the Warden liking kids. If he had a secret hatred for children, then they were pretty much doomed.

But what could be worse than what Tommy had already gone through? Worse than Scott and Jimmy finding him?

So he wasn't really afraid. He's had enough of that for one lifetime, it was time to be brave.

"Do you need me to count you down or-"

"I'm going!" Ranboo interrupts him. "Jeez, I'm going!"

"...then go."

With one last glare, they teleport out of Scar's and into the Warden's workshop.

It was lucky some reporter had taken photos of it, or else they wouldn't be able to teleport here. Ranboo could only teleport to places he's seen before, or people he had a close connection with. Something about getting lost in the void, or whatever.

The place hadn't changed a bit from the months-old photos. It was still tidy, tables and counters bare of any experiment. A few photos hung on the wall that he recognized. Apparently the man really liked them.

"We made it!" Ranboo exclaims.

"We are in the workshop of the greatest inventor in the world right now." Tubbo says, awe lining every word.

"Yeah, but where's the inventor? The Warden is nowhere to be seen." Tommy pokes the metal counter, smudging it.

It was kind of a sad place. Dull. There weren't any windows, so the fluorescent lights above provided the only glow to the room. Slightly reflective, mostly gray, metal covered most surfaces, and the floor was a light gray stone. Only the three photos gave it life, so bright against the dreary room.

"I mean, I'm sure we can wait. He has to come back sometime and there's nothing happening tonight." Tubbo brushes it off.

"But where is he?" Tommy persists.

"What if he's at Pandora?" Ranboo asks, keeping his hands to himself.

Tubbo had no qualms about touching anything it seemed. He was opening cabinets at random, poking through the contents inside. It was making Tommy nervous.

There had to be some dangerous stuff in here, right? So why didn't the Warden have an alarm? A smart man like him would know to protect against teleportation powers, so this just felt... wrong.

"Calm down. This is a decoy workshop."

"What?!" Both Tommy and Ranboo exclaim.

"Oh yeah. See these? Plastic beakers. Everyone knows glass is the best. This breaks so many health code violations, it's only legal if it isn't being used as a lab."

Tubbo strides over to one of the photographs, one that holds a nice view of the sunset over the city, and removes it from the wall. Behind it is a gray lever that he pulls.

As the middle counter sinks into the floor, Tubbo smirks. "This is the real workshop."

Replacing the counter is a set of stairs leading down into the ground. It looks weird, but even open it would be easy to miss. Walls, steps, ceiling, it's all stone, made to perfectly blend in. Tubbo had to be right, the one they were in was a decoy.

Which made a lot of sense.

"I'm not going down there." Ranboo says, stepping back. "No way that's not teleport proof."

"Listen, we don't have very many options, do we?" Tommy shoots back.

He glances around at his friends, Ranboo's nervous face and Tubbo's excited one, then takes the first step down the stairs.

He misses and falls.

"PFFT—"

Chapter End Notes

Well, Tommy's almost another step closer to freedom. While these guys are busy doing this, I wonder where the Warden is, hmm?

Bench Trio's Plan

Chapter Summary

Tommy finally gets free, and starts plotting his revenge.

Chapter Notes

What kind of tree can fit in one hand? A palm tree!

Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Tommy!" Ranboo exclaims, Tommy barely able to hear it over Tubbo's laughter.

His limbs ache with already forming bruises, twisted into a pretzel on the floor. At the very least he hadn't hit his head. The rest of his body certainly had hit the floor though, as made clear by the pain.

He hails himself up, brushing the dust off his pants. It doesn't come off, but he isn't sure if it's from the fall or the numerous days spent in the same outfit.

"Come on Ranboo!" Tubbo exclaims, bouncing down the stairs.

Not literally, he manages to stay on his feet and not his ass. Unlike Tommy.

"Are we sure it's safe? The Warden could come back any minute." Despite his worries, Ranboo follows behind Tubbo.

Turning away from the secret staircase, Tommy gets a chance to actually look at the place he tumbled into.

The floor turns into hardwood, and the lights are much warmer. Wooden cabinets have posters and pictures, white counters display all types of things. Things he doesn't know the names of, but looks fancy.

Along one wall was a bunch of machines The Warden must've designed. A model of "Sam Nook" the robot he designed to be a playmate for kids. Tommy can't help but wander over to it, picking up some type of metal rod. Rounded at one end, blunt at the other. Weird.

"It's a bit... messy." Ranboo notes, not unkindly.

Yeah, this was definitely more of a workshop.

"Look guys." Tubbo holds up an obnoxiously yellow sticky note. "The Warden left a note for Whisht saying that the weapons he needed would be in the cabinet, and that he was out for the rest of the week."

"P.S. I don't want to know why you needed this stuff." Tommy reads off the back of it.

"So we have to worry about Whisht instead. Great." Ranboo sighs.

Tommy pockets the weird staff thing, and starts opening cabinets at random until he finds an empty one. There's no dust on the shelves, so something was recently moved from here.

"Nope. Whisht already got what he needed. We're free to find this key."

"Everyone step back." Tubbo commands. "This is the worlds most important key, so it'll be hidden."

Ranboo forces Tommy into the corner behind Tubbo, practically pulling him away from all the cool gadgets. Something here had to do something cool, it was the rules of every workshop.

Like that weird disc over there! Could it shrink things like Antman? Maybe it would give him spider powers! Or maybe it could turn him into the Hulk!

Oh, now he really wants to touch the disc. He really really really wants to touch the disc. It's not like it would hurt anything, right? Just a little touch! The staff in his pocket didn't trigger any alarms, so touching the stupid little metal circle wouldn't do anything.

While Ranboo was too busy watching Tubbo touch random points on the counter, Tommy slipped away from him and walked up to the disc.

It was small, the size of his fingerprint maybe, and made out of shiny metal. Now that he was closer, he could see the prongs gripping it from the sides and a subtle red glow in the middle.

Fuck it.

He presses his index finger to the center, smudging the reflection of himself. It does nothing.

Across the room, Tubbo lets out an "aha!" as he presses a button and a plank of wood springs up. It draws Tommy's attention away from his useless disc, knowing that his ticket to freedom was right there.

The disc joins the staff in his pocket, and he hurries over to Tubbo.

"That's the fucking key?!" He exclaims.

At the very least, it should be enchanted. It should be made of netherite, it should look the part of being something special. Instead it's just a small key. Wooden, even. No engravings, and it's made of some orange wood that looks disgusting.

"It looks like a Cheeto. And guess what? The Warden loves Cheetos."

Tommy would be concerned about Tubbo's random knowledge of the hero if he weren't so obsessed with the Angel of Death. As the Angel's biggest fan, he knew every bit of information about him. Sometimes fanboys are gonna fanboy.

"So it'll work. For sure. It'll work for sure." Ranboo clarifies.

"Yes. It'll work, boob boy." Tommy rolls his eyes. "Tubbo, key me up."

"I'm keying you up as we speak."

He stares at Tubbo who hasn't moved at all.

"Ranboo." Tubbo says, giving the key to him.

Tommy gasps, fake sadness appearing on his face. "You don't love me enough to free me yourself?"

"No."

Ranboo snorts, and slots the key in the hole. With a quick twist of the hand, it clatters noisily onto the ground.

"Well?" Tubbo asks after a moment.

In response, Tommy teleports behind him. They all cheer.

Having his power back is like gaining confidence he didn't know he lost. It's having the choice of what to next in life, gaining control over everything.

"I feel like I could take on the world and win." He laughs, imagining the world at his fingertips. Tommy wouldn't know what to do with it, but at this moment it felt possible.

"Let's not do that quite yet." Ranboo says nervously.

"Yeah." Tubbo agrees, "let's focus on getting back at Scott and Jimmy."

"They won't know what hit them!" Tommy exclaims, swinging his fist through the air.

"What are we going to do?" Ranboo looks between Tubbo and Tommy.

That's... a fair question. They are just three people against a whole organization, led by incredibly evil people.

"What if we used Tommy as bait? Then, when someone tries to kidnap him, we leap out. Knock them unconscious, drag their bodies to a junkyard and watch them burn!"

"No burning people." Ranboo instructs.

"I like where you were headed though Tubs." Tommy nods. "What if we just dumped them at the police station? Or hero HQ? Leave a note explaining everything."

"Yes. That's much better. I can just teleport them there."

"Wait. We have to interrogate them on where their evil lair is first to do a drug bust. Except no drugs. An evil lab bust." Tubbo corrects himself, eyebrows furrowed in concentration.

"We aren't torturing them though, right?"

Tommy doesn't feel the slightest bit bad that this mental answer to Ranboo's question was "if need be" because they'd deserve it.

"We can figure it out once we get to that part." Tubbo puts his hand out, palm down and flat. "Hands in, Team."

Tommy places his on top, Ranboo's settling on top of his.

"On three, we say evil people takedown."

"Wait. That sounds stupid. Just takedown." Tommy suggests.

"Fine. Three, two, one!"

Their hands fly up. "Takedown!"

Chapter End Notes

Uh oh, this is the second plan that's been revealed to us. Everyone already knows something will go wrong, so what do you think it'll be?

And the Plan Goes Awry

Chapter Summary

No matter how much you plan, it will never go right. Murphy's Law: Whatever can go wrong, will. Unfortunately, Wilbur experiences this first hand.

Chapter Notes

I DIDNT FORGET TO POST SO ENJOY

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The first time Wilbur was told he was protective, he was seven. It wasn't a fond time in his life, but it certainly didn't vanish just because he didn't enjoy it.

The next time he could remember was when Phil met Techno and him. The eldest had bent down to find Wilbur standing protectively in front of his declared brother, mouth drawn into a literal snarl.

"It's okay." Phil had whispered, a gentle sort of understanding in his eyes. "We protect those we love. And that includes you both now."

It had been repeated a thousand times over, especially when Whisht and the Blade made their debut as heroes. Apprentices—partners—of the Angel of Death. The three were a team, held together with love and protectiveness.

Three people Wilbur would protect forever, three people Wilbur would die for.

Until one day, it became four.

He didn't know when, exactly. One day he just woke up and was ready to go to war for Tommy Innit, cafe worker and self-proclaimed "big man." Sure, he didn't expect the day to be so fucking soon, but the point still stands.

"Whisht, are you ready?" Dream asks.

He clenched his hands into fists, turning himself invisible. Grian was a few blocks away, ready to fly towards Wilbur with Jimmy.

"Ready." He confirms.

It was a blessing that the Hermits had access to comms and good technology so they could be in constancy with each other. Some dude with a mustache called Mumbo delivered it to them and was sticking with Scar in a Hermit safe house.

Wilbur knew both Dream and Phil hated the fact they were relying on the Hermits so much, but he was just glad they were getting their plan in motion.

"Grian?"

"I'm in position."

"Angel?"

"Yes."

"Blade and I are ready. Grian, do your thing."

Wilbur might've been blind to what Grian was doing, but he could sure hear it. Wind whipped through the comms in a way that told him the Hermit was showing off, being flashy to draw crowds.

"Hey, Angel, while I've got you. I've always wondered if you tuck your wings fully in when diving or if you leave some air. Is there a perfect ratio?"

Phil humors Grian with an answer, and Wilbur starts to relax in the shadows.

"I pull them close and drop. How do your wings work?"

"Pulleys attached to my shoulders just like real wings. Mumbo helped me design them."

"Huh. You guys should get in contact with the heroes. We'd love to offer you both a job, even under the table."

"Don't go taking my friends! I only have so many!" A few laughs are elicited across the call.

"This isn't working. If I keep doing this a camera will catch me."

"Just... shout something. Ask to talk to Jimmy about a business proposal. If you've been friendly in the past you can be friendly now." Dream suggests.

"I might have neglected to mention that the last time I saw Jimmy, we tried to kill each other. Oh! Wait! I see him! But he's heading off on his own?"

"What do you mean?" Wilbur hisses. "On his own? Which direction? Angel-"

"No no no, he's headed the way we need him to. I'll fly behind him and make sure he keeps going this way."

"Why is he headed this way? 404?" Dream turns to his friend watching the cameras, also connected to their comms.

Mumbo and 404 got on suspiciously well, like two peas in a pod. Although, to be fair, 404 could manipulate tech and Mumbo seemed to build it.

"I don't know. I can search through the cameras, but it's possible whatever he wants is inside a building and that would take too long. Wait. There's-"

404 cuts off abruptly, causing Wilbur to look around. Nobody was around him. No sounds, no motion.

"404?" Dream asks.

"The fuck?" Sapnap asks, proving that their comm didn't break. "Dream, guys, it's Tommy."

"What?!" Phil exclaims. "Where?!"

"An intersection a few block away from you guys, but he's just standing there, talking to a fish? Something weird is going on with the cameras, it keeps flickering out of connection." 404 finally finds his words, and Wilbur's heart gives off little sparks of hope.

"I think something's tampering with the connection." Mumbo says.

Tommy was okay. He was alive, free from Jimmy. Talking to a fish, which was odd, but- oh fuck. Talking to a fish. That was Jimmy's power. What the hell was he doing?

"Wait! I know those vigilantes!" Scar exclaims.

"What vigilantes?"

"Opia and Paralain. Teleportation and who knows what."

"Where?" Phil asks again, this time a bit more forceful.

Wilbur shakes his head, flickering in and out of visibility, trying to get a grip on his emotions. Too much adrenaline was running through him right now with too few places to put it. Tommy was okay, and they were sitting here talking instead of going to him.

"They aren't hurting him, it looks like they're talking." 404 reports. "If any of us go, it'll be a mess. Vigilantes, heroes, and villains?"

"Fuck being a mess, it'll be a massacre." Dream says quietly, muttering barely audible swears under his breath.

"Opia and Paralain kind of hate us. A lot." Sapnap explains. "Like, a whole lot."

"Any views on hermits would've been skewed towards villainy because of government propaganda." Grian chimes in.

"Whisht. Go." Phil instructs. "Stay invisible, don't mess with anything."

"Dream and I can handle Jimmy. It was overkill anyways." Techno says, speaking his first words into the comm.

"What direction?"

"To your right, straight ahead."

He resists the urge to sprint as hard as he could, instead going at a steady jog. If Tommy moves they'll tell him. Sprinting would suck all the energy out of, energy he'll need. Especially in a situation like this.

The rest talk in his ear about Jimmy and whatever the hell Tommy is doing on his way there. It only takes a few minutes, but it feels like an eternity.

And there he is.

Cheeks flushed like he just finished cussing someone out, a self-satisfied smirk on his lips. Tommy was alive, and he was right in front of Wilbur.

If he was Dream, or Techno, or maybe Grian, he would've been smarter. He would've noticed the two vigilantes hiding in the shadows that he was warned about. But in that moment, the relief of seeing Tommy takes over. The relief of seeing a loved one emerge from a situation alive, and by the looks of it, unharmed.

"Tommy!" He yells, flickering into sight.

Tommy turns to him, eyes wide, and a strangled noise comes from his throat.

"Whisht?"

Oh, fuck.

Chapter End Notes

I've been enjoying writing these so much, and I know exactly where this is going now. My question for you guys today is this: how do you think this story will end? I'm firm set on how it ends, so as another question, how do you WANT this to end?

Whisht is definitely (100%) evil. Right?

Chapter Summary

//fighting, sleeping gas, weapons

Obviously Whisht has to be evil, right? I mean, clearly he's trying to capture Tommy and is working for Jimmy. Clearly.

Chapter Notes

Help I've accidentally become a laptop streamer and a guitarist. Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy was somewhat familiar with Whisht. Apart from being Wilbur's favorite, the guy had come into the cafe once. He definitely shouldn't have known Tommy's name though, or even be here.

"Whisht?" He repeats, staring at the guy.

"Do you have any idea how worried we were?!"

What the hell?

"Hey, what are you doing?" Ranboo asks, teleporting in front of Tommy. "Can you, like, leave?"

"Woah. Hey, I don't want any trouble, I just want talk to Tommy."

"Can it wait? I'm kind of in the middle of something." He points to the fish in his hand. They picked it up from the pet store, hoping it would work.

"Talking to a fish? Yeah, no. That's so irresponsible, you'll lead Jimmy right to you!"

"Hang on. How do you know about Jimmy?" Tubbo asks, appearing next to Tommy.

Vaguely, he recognized that shit was about to go down. A hero known for disliking vigilantes, two vigilantes, and Tommy. It was recipe for disaster!

"Why are you with two vigilantes? Toms, this is illegal. You need to get somewhere safe. Did they kidnap you? Are you hurt?"

"What? No. No. They're my friends!"

"And you are not." Tubbo crosses his arms, and Tommy can tell he's glaring behind the goggles. "So leave."

"Yes I am! Tommy, come on. I can get you out of here. Phil and Techno are probably waiting for you."

"How do you know Phil and Techno?"

Who was Whisht? The guy claimed he was friends with him when they had talked once. The guys knew Phil and Techno, when Tommy knows he never told Whisht anything about them. He takes a step back.

"I'm-" Whisht stops.

Before Jimmy, before more shit fucked up his life, Tommy thought Phil was reason he was kidnapped. If Whisht knew Phil, knew the family...

Whisht was working for them. It was so obvious! Whisht was trying to kidnap him again! All the dots connected so perfectly.

"Paralain, Opia." Tommy whispers. "I think he's trying to kidnap me."

"Wait, wait, no, I'm not!" Whisht says, having heard him.

"We can take him, you run." Tubbo says, his weird lightning thing crackling.

"I'm not running!"

"You don't have any weapons, you're running." Ranboo doesn't turn around to say it, but Tommy can hear him anyways.

While that was a valid point, it wasn't a fair point. This was his fight. Whisht was after him. To appease Ranboo and Tubbo he could circle the block then sneak attack. That'd work!

"Fine."

"Wait, please, I don't want any violence." Whisht holds his hands in the air.

"Fat chance fucker." Tubbo snaps. "Tommy, run!"

He was getting really tired of running. This time though, he wasn't running away. He was coming right back to help his best friends.

Tommy fucking Innit was going to commit several murders to be done with this mess. All he wanted to do was live his life! Was that too much to ask anymore?! Sure, chaos called him at every turn, but goddamn.

Around the corner he went, then another, and another, until there was just one block before he made a full circle. Worry for his friends made him run faster because no way could Ranboo fight a hero.

He slams into something solid, staggering backwards while holding his nose.

"Mother fucker." He hisses, "ow! Man!"

"I thought you saw me."

No. No fucking way. The world didn't hate him that much, did it? Actually, he didn't want to know the answer to that.

Looking up and beyond the pain in his nose, he could see the Warden. A blue trident in his right hand, netherite armor, and a green-black gas mask covering his face. It wasn't his normal outfit, not his wardening outfit, but his hero outfit.

"Wha- what-" He sputters, red blood dripping through his hands to the ground.

"You wouldn't happen to have a metal disc? Maybe pressed it?"

Holy shit. This man could decapitate him in one move.

"Um, yeah, yeah I did that."

He drops his hands from his nose, digging into his pockets until he produces the thing. The metal rod though, he's keeping that.

Tommy extends the disc out to the Warden. They both look at it for a moment. The blood from his nose was on his hands, which is now holding the disc and smearing blood on it. Carefully, with a gloved hand, The Warden takes it and places it into a pocket of his own.

"Thank you. How did you get it?"

Yeah, no way he was saying he broke in and stole it. Fuck that, he didn't want to die like this.

"I found it." He lies.

"If you ever find something like this again, turn it in. This is an emergency tracker, I thought something bad had happened! Be more careful."

"Um."

"Oh, your nose. Do you need a handkerchief?"

"No, I've got it. Just give me a second." Back into his pockets, Tommy yanks out the bandana Ranboo gave him. "Aha!"

It's pressed to his nose, and he winces at the resulting pain from the touch. Note to self: netherite armor was hard as fuck.

"Are you okay? It isn't broken, right?"

"It's fine. I'm fine. Just- go do your hero duties."

"Opia, teleport out of it!" Tubbo yells. It's so loud that it reaches Tommy and The Warden perfectly.

With no care for each other they both start running, The Warden pulling ahead quickly. Tommy finishes his loop to find a fog that's vanished as soon as they arrive. Only one person is standing there, and it isn't any of his friends.

One body lies at his feet, the second nowhere in sight. Tubbo had warned Ranboo, told him to teleport away.

"Whisht?" The Warden speaks first.

"Warden?"

"You- you killed him!" Tommy yells. "You killed Tubbo!"

"What? Oh, it's just sleeping gas that The Warden gave me. He'll wake up in a few hours just fine."

Tommy hears none of it, the blood rushing through his ears too loud. Whisht was speaking, but he was a murderer.

The bandana flutters to the ground.

"Tommy, you're bleeding. What happened to your nose?"

"You don't get to do this. You don't get to upend my life, take everything I love, and ruin it." He snarls, "I'm sick and tired of being treated like a toddler, and I'm sick and tired of having no fucking control."

He draws out the rod from his pocket like it's some great weapon, too clouded by anger to think. Tubbo was dead, and it was Whisht's doing. A hero. Wilbur's hero.

"Okay, just put that down." Not that he registers the words from The Warden, both Whisht and The Warden backing away.

"I'm going to kill you, just like you did Tubbo. He has a name. Tubbo. And he's the smartest, and kindest, and best person I know."

"Tommy, he isn't dead, I didn't kill him. Put the particle manipulator down, we can think about this rationally."

"You're fucking dead."

"Tommy-" finally, he hears the words. He hears the honey tone, recognizes the use of Whisht's powers.

But Tommy has powers of his own.

He grabs Whisht's power and yanks it away from him, not bothering to be gentle.

"This one's for Tubbo."

Raising the rod, he points it directly at Whisht.

Chapter End Notes

I might be writing this, but even I'm frustrated with how wrong Tommy is. For someone with the world at his fingertips, he sure is an absolute idiot. Anyway, with 18 days of school left finals are coming up soon! And after finals means freedom to spend 24 hours a day writing! Expect big things!

Enter Vigilantes Stage Right

Chapter Summary

So Tommy's an idiot and his boss is a Hermit. What the fuck is going on anymore?

// violence

Chapter Notes

Knock knock. (Who's there) when where. (When where who?) Saturday, ao3, new chapter. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Before Tommy can do anything more than lift the stupid little rod, he's knocked to the side. The force of it sends him crashing into the ground, rod flying from his hand as he tries to protect his head. After a moment the momentum fails and he comes to a halt on the ground.

"Tommy, what are you doing?" The voice is so mournful that he looks up.

"Grian?" He sputters. Grian had wings strapped to him!

"Come on. You've always had that attack first mentality, but you have to listen now." Grian holds out his hand for Tommy, patiently waiting.

He can't help but glance from Grian to Whisht to Grian again. Was his boss in on it? Grian being in on his kidnapping wasn't something he would've guessed, but then again he wouldn't have guessed Phil or Whisht being in on it either.

"Back up." He orders in a honeyed tone.

Grian obeys immediately, but not willingly. His eyes widen in shock, jaw dropping. Tommy doesn't waste time, scrambling up to his feet. He licks his lips, tasting the blood that's been slowly dripping down his face.

"What the fuck?" Whisht breathes.

"Tell me why you're all here. The truth."

"I'm here to help find you and capture Jimmy." Grian immediately answers.

Whisht follows a moment later. "I'm here to find you and capture Jimmy."

"I just wanted to know if whoever had my emergency signal was okay."

Wait, what?

"Leave." He orders Warden, and with a panicked look he starts walking away.

"Wait, wait! I don't, feet, stop! No!"

"You aren't working with Jimmy?" Tommy asks Grian and Whisht.

"What?! No!" Whisht exclaims. "We'd never hurt you!"

"But you killed Tubbo! You know Phil!"

"Okay, I didn't kill Paralain. He's asleep. And what does Phil have to do with any of this?"

"Wait, he's okay? Will he wake up? When?"

"Calm down, yes, yes, in like an hour."

Oh. That makes him feel slightly bad then. Maybe he shouldn't have threatened to kill Whisht with his rod thing.

"What does Phil have to do with any of this?" Whisht repeats.

"He's the one who told Scott I existed and basically is the entire reason I got kidnapped. It sucks because I actually liked him, but that's life." He shrugs, "anyways, if you guys are both trying to catch Jimmy, why not work together?"

"We are. SBI and the Dream Team and the Hermits are working together. And the freelancer called Quackity." Grian explains.

"I knew that guy was sus." He huffs. "Wait. You're... no. You're a Hermit?! A fucking Hermit?!"

Grian has the decency to look ashamed. "Yeah..."

"And you all teamed up. A villain group, a hero group, a neutral group. All to catch Jimmy?"

"All to make sure you're okay." Whisht corrects softly.

"Why the fuck does SBI care?"

"Because. We just do."

Strange things were happening.

SBI cares about him for some reason, Grian was part of the Hermits, and the biggest villain group teamed up with the biggest hero group to help him. Honestly, he was going to start

ignoring it. If he just went with it, didn't have to stop and think, he wouldn't be curious to their very clearly hidden identities.

Slowly, puzzle pieces were coming together in his mind, but he ignores it. He didn't care who Whisht was.

"How would you feel about vigilantes joining your side?"

"I-" Whisht stops, tilting his head as if listening to something. "Blade and Dream are confronting Jimmy, now. We have to go."

"Great, let me get Paralain up." Now that it was established Whisht was on his side, he should fix the whole calling Paralain Tubbo thing. "Forget you ever heard me call him Tubbo."

"I'm heading out to help the others." Grian says, and he launches into the air.

He definitely didn't have wings before, right? That was new. Maybe Tommy could convince him to let him fly.

"Wake up." He orders Tubbo. Nothing. "Wake up!"

"He's in too deep of a sleep. He can't hear you so it won't work."

"Fuck. Okay. New plan."

He could use Dream's power, but if he was engaging with Jimmy that could be dangerous. Mentally, he sorts through all the powers available to him that won't put someone in danger.

"For Christ's sake." Whisht huffs, marching over.

He grabs Tubbo, holds him up, and starts aggressively shaking him.

Tommy flounders for a moment, too surprised to really try and stop it. Tubbo starts yelling almost immediately, effectively awoken. Whisht drops him on the ground.

"Wha- what- Tommy!"

"Heyyy... so turns out he isn't trying to kidnap me! He's trying to help me!"

Tubbo stares at him for a moment, slowly standing up from the spot he landed in. Tommy knew that stance, knew that body language. He was dead.

"Tommy Innit." Tubbo says.

"No, no, listen. SBI, the fucking Hermits, and The Dream Team teamed up to help me and catch Jimmy! How was I meant to guess that?!"

"Wait, you caught Jimmy?"

"No, that's why we woke you up from the sleeping gas. If you and Opia are willing to help, maybe it'll go smoother. Right now both Dream and Blade are getting their asses handed to them by a fish army." Whisht smoothly interrupts, explaining quickly.

"Oh, yeah, this won't be a disaster at all." Tubbo snorts. "Sure. Okay."

"I'm helping too." Tommy adds.

"No you aren't." Whisht probably rolls his eyes behind that stupid mask.

"Let me help." Tommy orders him. "What were you saying?"

"You're just going to get in the way!" The protest sounds more like a whine. Was Whisht throwing a temper tantrum? Ha!

"Tommy, give him his power back while I contact Opia." Tubbo sighs.

Tommy pouts, but relinquishes the hood he has on Whisht's power. Tubbo turns away and begins speaking in hushed tones into his comm. The hero of them blinks in shock, a hand flying up to their throat.

"What did you do? How did you get my power?"

"Doesn't matter." Tommy chirps. "Let's kick some ass!"

Opia appears, purple particles floating away from his body. "What? Whose ass are we kicking?"

"Jimmy's. And we're teamed up with SBI, Dream Team, and Hermits. And Quackity." Opia turns to probably stare at Tommy. "Yeah, I know. Crazy."

"I'm asking 404 to manipulate your comms to tune with ours." Whisht says, and a second later Tommy's eardrums burst.

"-What the hell?! They just keep coming!"

"Heh?!"

"Try and find Jimmy, we get the source we get them all."

"What the fuck do you think we're trying to do, Angel?!"

"I've got us some backup." Whisht interrupts. "Say hello to Opia, Paralain, and Tommy."

I went to this event and basically got to hang out with dogs for the entire day, so that's the highlight of this month for me. Meanwhile Tommy's just "what the fuck"-ing so everything is going as planned.

Nobody's Happy, but They're Alive

Chapter Summary

While Tommy, Tubbo, and Ranboo try to make themselves useful, Scott and Jimmy have other plans.

// violence, atom rearrangement (how am I meant to describe it?)

Chapter Notes

Happy pride month guys! Hope you enjoy the chapter, it was a lot of fun to write.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

After a moment of chaos, the voices erupting into an audio blur, Dream's voice rises above the rest.

"If they're here to help get them over here, now."

"On it." Ranboo says, grabbing Tommy and Tubbo.

Tommy gives Whisht a bragging look. He has transportation and Whisht doesn't, suck it voice boy.

With a twist they're teleported away and into the strange sight that is a large army of fish-people. It's actually quite disturbing to see something so innocent transformed into something so terrifying.

"Try and get to Jimmy. He's in control of them. If we stop him, maybe it'll be easier to take out the rest." Dream instructs.

From their spot in the middle of the fish crowd, Tommy could see the Angel of Death making good on his name. Swooping down and plucking the fish off the ground, taking them somewhere else. It reminded him of an actual bird. Grian was doing the same.

"I'll try to find him, Opia you save your teleportation powers so we can teleport to Jimmy. Tommy, just... use whatever that thing is." Tubbo tells them.

"Right. Yes. I know what this is." Tommy says, nodding.

He has no fucking clue. It was just a stupid metal rod that The Warden and Whisht were afraid of. What had they called it? Something about particles and manipulating them? Mansplaining particles? Whatever, he could figure it out as he went.

A fish-man finally seems to take notice in their trio, turning to them and making strange gargling noises. It attracts the attention of others around them, all turning. In a horde of what has to be a hundred fish-men, it was terrifying.

"Tommy! Do something!" Ranboo screeches.

"I'm trying!"

He waves the rod some more in the general direction of the first fish-man. Did this one have a name? No, wait, he doesn't care.

"Fucking do something!" Tommy yells at the rod.

"Look for a button!" Tubbo yells back.

Oh. That made sense, because his thumb was actually directly on a button. He presses it down, and a weird purple glow shoots out.

The glow hits the fish-man, and he falls to the floor. Flopping around, the human legs the tail was turned into become useless. Tommy takes a small step closer.

He wasn't wiggling, he was vibrating. And Tommy could slowly start to see more and more small balls form. No, wait, they weren't forming. They were atoms enlarging and separating. The rod was literally tearing the fish-man apart.

"That's so cool." Tommy whispers reverently, awed.

"It'd be cooler if you did it to more than one fish."

"Fish-man." He corrects.

He starts waving the rod around while holding the button, careful not to point it at any of his friends. Maybe the effects of this was reversible, maybe not.

"I see Jimmy!" Ranboo exclaims. "Grab on!"

Tommy doesn't hesitate, gripping his shoulder. Tubbo scrambles to reach them, grabbing Ranboo's hand.

Teleportation wasn't something Tommy liked to do. Yeah, it had its uses, but the way it twisted his stomach was a feeling he'd never get used to. At least he doesn't throw up anymore.

They're not even outside anymore, having teleported inside of a building. It was one of the old office buildings, before tall buildings became a target for villain attacks and paperwork

went digital. In order to teleport to a place Ranboo had to see it, unless he knew the place very well, so they were next to the window.

A few rotted desks were scattered around, floors a mess of dust and dirt. Unfortunately that was just what happened to a lot of the taller buildings.

"Wha- oh. Um, hello." Jimmy takes a step back, running into a wall.

"You are under arrest for kidnapping!" Tubbo declares, taking the step forward.

"No, we're illegally interrogating him." Angel corrects in their ears.

"You are under capture for kidnapping!" Tubbo fixes.

"Attempted." Angel corrects again.

"I'm not correcting myself again."

"Listen, can't we talk about this? All I wanted was for my husband to be happy. Is that such a crime?"

"If this is the only way Scott'll be happy, I think you need a lot of couples therapy." Tommy deadpans.

"It's not the only way, it's just what he wants right now. Have you heard of Newton's laws?"

"Who?" Tommy asks, startled by the topic change.

"Yes." Tubbo answers.

"Great well he's a great guy. The whole triangles stuff, right?"

"He's the laws of motion, not-"

Tubbo is cut off by the crash of glass, Jimmy jumping out of the building.

"He was distracting us." Ranboo says, stating the obvious.

"No shit Sherlock." Tommy replies, rushing to look and see if Jimmy had become a pancake.

The fish-men had gathered in a crowd, smushing close enough to each other that all Tommy can see of them is a bunch of colors in blobs. From four stories up, it's slightly terrifying.

He reaches the window in time to watch the fish-men catch Jimmy safely in their arms. Or, fins. It's a weird thing to see let alone make sense of, so he doesn't try and just starts accepting it.

"Angel? Or Grian? One of you should probably put an end to his crowd surfing." Tommy says, laughing a bit nervously at directly addressing the Angel of Death and his boss who was a Hermit.

"I've got it." Angel says, a dark blur hurtling towards Jimmy.

"You have company." 404's voice echoes through the comms, surprising Tommy. "Some guy with teal hair and a group of friends?"

"Scott." Tommy's speaking before he can process the words coming out of his mouth. "He's the one who kidnapped me and had the people do all the tests. He's in charge of it all."

"Any chance you know pink hair girl, purple hair girl, and some guy holding hands with pink hair girl?" It's not 404 who speaks this time, but Mumbo Jumbo. The fucking mechanic was a Hermit.

"Lizzie, Lauren, and Joel." Tommy recalls. Purpled and Ponk must've gotten away from the whole mess. Lucky them.

"Lauren has a criminal record of arson and a lot of really weird jobs where she ended up hurting someone in self defense," 404 starts listing, "Joel vandalized some property and obstructed justice, and Lizzie assaulted someone. They're all criminals."

"What are they doing here?" Blade asks, voice gruff.

"Jimmy and Scott are married, right?" Dream asks. "It's a couples reunion."

Chapter End Notes

I hope all of your pride months have been going well, no matter what you identify as! As a treat you get a little husband interaction which will probably end badly for everyone else. What do you think? How evil am I?

The Mysterious Ticking Noise

Chapter Summary

Tommy decides he hates Whisht at the worst possible time while trying to find Jimmy. Scott creates problems for everyone else, sending their plans into chaos.

// bomb

Chapter Notes

Yes the title is a reference to that Harry Potter puppet thing. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I'm going after Scott." Dream says.

"He's powerless. The others have powers I think." Tommy informs him, trying to remember all their powers.

"I'm going with you." Angel says firmly, and Tommy can see him angle his wings to the side to turn.

"Where did Jimmy go?!" Whisht yells.

"Opia." Tubbo whispers. "Can you find him?"

"Scott or Jimmy?"

"Jimmy. I think Scott has enough to deal with for now." Tommy lets a wicked grin spread across his face.

"Right, yeah, I'm looking."

"Scott has a weapon. A gun, but he claims the bullets are poisoned or something." Dream mutters. "Be careful of stray bullets."

"He wouldn't let any bullets go stray, not with his husband around." Grian says, confused.

"His husband isn't around anymore. Scott showing up has to be a planned distraction." Tubbo realizes. "Jimmy's long gone."

"Shit." Sapnap groans. "Why aren't the monster things leaving?"

"Because Jimmy isn't willing to leave his husband."

"So he's somewhere close. I could go around trying to voice charm him, it doesn't work on fish brains." Whisht suggests.

"You could accidentally catch one of us." Blade argues. "It's too dangerous."

Tubbo nudges him, a silent idea passing to him. Tommy raises his eyebrows, and Tubbo nods. Ranboo sighs.

"I could do it." Almost immediately protest sparks. "No, listen. I'll be able to sense if he's near me, because I'll be able to feel his power. At that point I'll just call Whisht in and we don't have to worry about charming the wrong person."

After a pause, Whisht speaks. "What even is your power, anyway?" His voice is riddled with poorly disguised curiosity.

"None of your business. I'll go find Jimmy then, yeah?"

"The stairs probably aren't safe. I'll teleport all of us down." Ranboo says, resting a hand on Tommy's shoulder. Tubbo reaches out his own hand to grab Ranboo's arm.

"We'll just deal with the fish." Tubbo grimaces, and Tommy knows it's because of the fish smell.

They teleport back to the ground, twenty feet from the fish-man horde. Pod? Tommy stumbles a few feet but manages to regain his balance fairly quickly.

"Hey." Whisht greets, materializing in front of them. "I don't think it's safe for you to go alone, so I'm here to help."

Tommy, still not over the whole thinking he was a kidnapper and knowing Phil thing, shoots him a glare. "Don't you need to be actually helping people? Fighting the fish-men or Scott or something?"

"Sapnap, Blade, Grian, Dream, Angel, and your friends have it covered."

Asshole.

"I hope you know the only reason I'm allowing this is because my good friend will hate me if I say no."

"Allow me." Whisht laughs. "Sure, we can pretend that."

"Shut up, just because Wilbur likes you doesn't mean I have to be nice."

"I have literally done nothing wrong!"

"Every second you waste is another second Jimmy could be using to find a better hiding spot, stop arguing." Blade barks, and Whisht crosses his arms.

"Fine. Where to, Mr. I can help?"

"Uh..."

He didn't actually think about this. What was he supposed to do? Just wander around?

Actually, that might work. He could try that.

"This way." Tommy declares, stomping off in a random direction.

Whisht manages to keep up easily, long legs aiding him. Just another reason to dislike him. Once upon a time Whisht was cool, but now Tommy's decided he's a jerk.

"You have no idea where you're going, do you?"

It's said in the stupid tone of voice Wilbur always uses to tease him. It infuriates Tommy: whoever Whisht was, they were not friends.

"I know exactly where I'm going." He snaps back, having zero clue.

"Mhm. You know, logically speaking, he's nearby in a building."

"I know that, asshole." He did not know that. "I'm walking by all of them so I can pick up if he's in it. Running into buildings is a stupid idea."

"You're such a fucking gremlin. Just tell me how your powers work so I can actually help."

"Fuck. Off. And. Die."

Maybe sensing the honest hostility in Tommy's voice, Whisht take a half-step away.

As they walk past another building, there's a faint tingle in his brain and hands. The two spots mean there's two different powers, and Tommy tried to tune into it more. Ignoring the power emitting from Whisht, he attempts to trace Jimmy's.

"In here." He declares, stepping in, door left swinging behind them.

Whisht catches it and steps inside with him.

"He's in here?"

"That's what I just said. Not on this floor though, maybe the top floor?"

"Your powers-"

"Don't care."

He wanders up the stairs, ignoring the crumbling handrail in favor of not getting tetanus. It was just one time, but that one time was enough.

"This floor." Tommy announces. "Jimmy! Where you at?!"

"Cover your ears." Whisht tells him.

He does, and Whisht says something. After a moment, he shakes his head and Tommy removes the hands from his ears.

"He must have earplugs or something. I'll go invisible to find him."

"And then what? Rip the earplugs out of his ears?" Tommy asks sarcastically. "No. We can just talk to him."

"Are you kidding?! That's dangerous!"

"He won't try anything with his husband so close, with his fish-men protecting Scott. For a hero, you're pretty dumb."

"Shut up. Whatever."

Tommy rolls his eyes, heading through the floor. As far as abandoned buildings go, it's not bad. A bit dirty and messy but definitely safe to at least walk in.

Jimmy's standing by a window, facing the mess below. Tommy grabs a rock and chucks it at his feet. When Jimmy turns, the tell-tale bright orange in his ears is shown. He was wearing earbuds.

"Peace." Tommy hisses, nudging Whisht to put his arms up.

"Go away! Scott knows I'm not going to stop him now, you'll never beat us!" Jimmy screams, way too loud.

In response, Tommy shakes his head slowly.

"Clearly, you've never known love."

"Owch man." Tommy mumbles. Whisht places a hand on his shoulder, and he doesn't shrug it off.

"Or else you'd understand. I was wrong about you, Tommy." Jimmy continues.

"He's stalling." Whisht says. "He has a plan."

"Lauren's on the move, is anyone available to get her?" Grian asks. "I'm a bit occupied with the fish."

"Where's she heading?" Whisht whispers.

"Some building? What's her power?"

"Wait, there's something she's holding." Tubbo says, and Tommy's relieved to hear him.

"I can hear it ticking." Blade huffs. "It's really annoy-"

"Tommy get down!" Whisht screams, tackling him.

At the same time, Jimmy jumps out of the window (again: They were really bad at catching this guy).

"Dude, get off me." Tommy groans, ass hurting.

"You let him get away!" Sapnap snaps. "Lauren caught him, Angel, go after them!"

"Whisht." Tommy complains again.

"I thought- I thought it was a bomb. Sorry." Whisht stands up, offering him a dirty hand.

"Are you kidding me? Your paranoia made me bust my ass." He reaches up to grab the offered hand.

White flashes, sending spots across his vision. A blast of heat knocks Tommy backwards, eyes now filling with red-orange. Heat races over his skin and air forces against him and Whisht. Whisht falls, landing on his arms on the ground next to Tommy.

Soon after, a boom erupts and he hears something much scarier.

Cracking.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter has been planned for so long, I'm glad I could finally post it. In other news, a fanfic writer I love said that this was funny so take that.

Hope you guys aren't too upset about the whole bomb thing...

Aftershocks

Chapter Summary

In a strangely peaceful setting, ash flaking like snow, Tommy's situation goes from "uh oh" to "oh fuck" to "what the fuck."

// bomb, dangerous situation

Chapter Notes

Sorry not sorry. Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Tommy, get out of here." Whisht orders, but not using his powers.

Dust and ashes have started flaking down around them, but neither have moved. If he moved even an inch the cracking floor could collapse. They were surrounded by the most powerful people in the world; if they couldn't be rescued then why bother?

The powers he had available were useless. Whisht's powers couldn't do anything, and all the ones he had saved wouldn't help anyone.

"I'm not scared, Whisht. I'm the biggest man ever. Apart from the Angel of Death." His voice shakes despite all attempts not to. Tommy, to put it bluntly, was terrified.

"He'll come get us, you know. We won't get hurt."

The aches all over his body, the heat in his feet, say otherwise. He was already hurt.

"I know that." He says stubbornly.

"...I'm sorry. I never should've dragged you into this mess, this—"

"Fucking what!? What the fuck are you apologizing for? I've spoken to you, like, twice in my life! You're the one who got dragged into this mess!" Tommy props himself up on his elbows to stare incredulously at Whisht. "If anything you got dragged into this by Dream who got dragged in by me, so technically I dragged you in!"

"You don't know?"

"Know what?" With owlshly wide eyes, he can't help but stare.

Slowly, Whisht reaches up towards his mask. Nothing made sense anymore. Whisht was about to reveal his identity, Scott and Jimmy tried blowing him up, and pretty much all the biggest people in the city were here to help him. Including his two best friends, who were vigilantes. What was his life anymore?

Before Whisht can reveal his identity, fingers just barely grasping the mask, the floor cracks more. There's only a split second where Tommy stares into the mask, knowing there's eyes on the other side, before he falls.

His stomach plummets, dropping like it never has before.

A lot of people say time slows down right before you die. That you get a chance to think about your entire life, to make peace with yourself or whatever bullshit makes them feel better.

Tommy can say for certain none of that happens. It's like a blink. One moment he's flat on the ground, relatively secure, and the next he's falling. He's falling, until Whisht grabs his wrist and forearm.

"Tommy!" Whisht screams. "Hang on! Angel and Grian are coming, they're coming!"

"What do you think I'm doing?!"

It's then that he realizes there hasn't been any voices in his ear. Either his comm was broken or it had fallen out, but it still meant the same thing. Nobody was coming.

"I want to see my friends." Tommy says, tears springing to his eyes. He was going to die.

"They're coming too, everyone's coming."

He wasn't a fool. The jagged floor had to be digging into Whisht, and hanging onto Tommy couldn't be easy. He was dead weight, soon to be actually dead.

"I want Grian."

"Tommy, stop." Tommy could hear the panic in Whisht's voice.

"I want Wilbur!" He screams, now full on sobbing. "I want to go home!"

For a minute, they only sounds were his sobbing, fire, and things falling.

"I can do one of those, but you have to stop crying. You have to stay calm, or else neither of us are getting out of here."

He forces himself to quiet, even as tears continue to escape his eyes. Tubbo and Ranboo were going to be so pissed if he died, they'd probably kill Whisht then take over the world. And how would Grian operate the cafe without him there at night?

In one fluid movement, Whisht manages to take off his mask without letting go of Tommy. Brown eyes stare down at him, lines around his face showing where the mask once was.

"Wilbur?"

"I'm sorry. I never wanted to keep it a secret, but Phil told me it was better for all of us." He's sincere in his words.

"But Phil, he- Phil's-" Tommy stops, staring up at his friend in the gear of a hero he had come to hate.

He should've known. Wilbur's favorite hero was Whisht and knew Puffy. Tommy had been played like a guitar. Everything was starting to fit horribly together, like a puzzle he didn't know wasn't completed.

"But Phil's the reason I was kidnapped." He says desperately.

"What? No, he's the Angel of Death and my father, he would never."

The grip on his wrist and arm is starting to hurt, but in his confusion all he can do is dumbly stare. If Phil was the Angel and Wilbur Whisht, it left one option. Techno was the Blade.

"Are you kidding me?!" He yells. "All of you are heroes?! I can understand Grian, hell, I can understand Opia and Paralain, but you? You're heroes, what did you have to hide? You aren't running from the law. You aren't going to be in danger. Wilbur, you lied to me."

"I didn't lie! I just... danced around the truth."

"Yeah, you seem to be real fucking good at that. Everyone does."

"I really did want to tell you! I just..."

"Didn't." Tommy finishes.

He dares to look down, the drop below him menacing. The bomb had mainly exploded the bottom layer, so the entire ground below him was jagged rocks and pointy things that would gut him like a fish.

"I don't understand why Phil and Grian aren't here yet!" Whisht—Wilbur—groans.

The sweat that the blast forced was starting to drip down his face. Hero or not, Tommy couldn't be held like this forever.

"So tell me again, if Phil isn't the whole reason I got kidnapped then why isn't he here?"

"I don't- Tommy, shut the fuck up. I don't know!"

"No, I won't shut up! I showed him my powers and then I'm being plucked off the streets and forced into experimentation like a lab rat!"

"We looked for you! All three of us! I was the one late to picking you up. If there's anyone to blame, it's me!"

"Fine! Maybe I will blame you then!"

The tears that had been sorrow turned into anger quickly.

"Jesus, Tommy. I don't think you want to blame anyone, I think you just want to be angry."

Before Tommy gets the chance to argue, not even sure of what he'll say, Wilbur's grip on him slips. The hand on his wrist loses it's grip while the hand on his arm slides to his wrist. With a sickening "pop!" his wrist pops out of the joint.

He screams, the dislocation painful to a new degree.

The remaining grip Wilbur had on him releases, and he plummets down.

Chapter End Notes

Did I drop some angst? My bad.

Poor Tommy doesn't even have the time to process everything, but don't worry he's absolutely pissed at Wilbur. If you were in Tommy's situation, would you be upset at Wilbur? I think I would be, but I don't really know.

Good morning Starshine! The earth hates you!

Chapter Summary

Tommy wakes up and decides to ditch life.
Ft. Doc.

// hospital, description of injuries/pain

Chapter Notes

It's been a busy week, but enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

When Tommy opens his eyes, it's not to the apartment. It's not even to Wilbur's house. It's to a gray tiled ceiling, light gray walls, and the worst bed he's ever slept on in his life.

"Tommy?" Someone asks, and immediately he snaps his head to them.

Wilbur is staring at him, a mixture of hope and worry in his eyes. At the eye contact he sags backwards into the chair.

"Thank god. Oh thank fucking god. I'm so sorry. We were arguing and I couldn't hold on anymore- I'm so sorry Toms."

Tommy slowly blinks at him, mind too murky to figure what Wilbur was talking about. Arguing? Hold on?

After a few minutes, his mind clears and he starts to remember.

Right. Jimmy, Scott, the most epic team up of the century. Wilbur being Whisht.

Wilbur's Whisht.

"Fuck off." He snarls.

Wilbur's grip had slipped, and Tommy had fallen to what was meant to be his death. Except there was a beeping heart monitor and an IV, so he was definitely alive. He wasn't quite sure where he was, it just looked like a hospital room.

"The Hermits apparently have a doctor so that's where we are. Everyone calls him Doc I guess?" Wilbur explains.

"Paralain , Opia?"

Wilbur winces. "They're both... alive?"

"Don't fucking play." Tommy starts to sit up, and Wilbur's quick to exclaim:

"Okay! Lie back down!" With a huff, Tommy does. He wasn't going to get up anyways, his whole body aches like hell. "Opia is completely fine. Paralain... he was close to the bomb. It burnt half of his face and left a pretty nasty scar, but he's fine."

"I'm going to see them." Tommy declares.

"You aren't going anywhere." A new voice announces. "It was a hefty fall you took, albeit lucky, and although no serious injuries you're on bed rest for a while."

The brown hair draped across his forehead does nothing to hide the red robotic eye, the metal that surrounds it taking up half of his face. The hand holding a clipboard is metal, and Tommy can't see his arm due to a white lab coat, but he's willing to bet the arm is metal too.

An eye patch covers the other eye, so either the guy is blind or that robotic eye works.

"The robot eye works. And I'm Doc." Doc says, like he read Tommy's mind. "Also, no, I didn't read your mind. You just have a very expressive face. I actually have healing powers."

"Oh." He manages to say. Tubbo would love to get his hands on that robot eye.

"I can bring your friends to you if you want. Only two people at a time because of how large the room is though."

"Well I only want to see Opia and Paralain."

He doesn't miss the way Wilbur ducks his head, acknowledging that Tommy doesn't want to see him.

"Sorry." Wilbur mumbles, standing up. "I'll go."

Wilbur hadn't taken off that stupid trench coat, so when he walks out it swishes dramatically behind him. Asshole.

Doc, despite having witnessed the entire thing, doesn't say a word about it.

"You had minor burns I treated, a broken ankle, a dislocated wrist, and a lot of cuts and scraps. The fall was still rough, even if your ankle took the brunt of it, so you'll be sore for a while. I'll go get your friends now."

Tommy nods, watching the man stride out.

Everything was going so fast. First all his friends—family—were some type of hero, villain, or vigilante, then they all had to fight Scott and Jimmy, and then Tommy managed to land himself in a Hermit hospital?

He wasn't sure how to feel, so instead he decides to just be pissed at Wilbur. And Phil. And Techno, but Techno could probably kill him just for thinking that. This was an anger he wasn't sure could ever go away. Heroes had nothing to hide, especially not ones he almost thought of as family.

Almost. Not anymore.

"Tommy!" Tubbo yells, still outfitted in his vigilante costume.

"Are you okay?" Tommy asks, sitting up to hug his best friend despite the flares of pain.

"I'm fine. Doc helped heal me, but like natural healthcare it left a scar. Have you seen his eye?! His arm?!" Tubbo dismisses it quickly.

"How's it look?"

Tubbo shrugs, unbuckling the mask he has on. There's a bandage Tommy knows is a cold compress covering the left half of his face, but near the edges he can see the warped and red skin. It looks painful, but he drops it.

"All good heroes have a scar." He laughs. Wilbur doesn't. Phil doesn't. Techno actually does, but fuck him anyways. "Ay! Ranboob!" He calls out the boy lurking in the corner.

At being addressed, he jumps. "Tommy! Oh, man, I'm so sorry. I couldn't get a clear look to teleport in, the flames were huge and Tubbo was hurt—"

"Dude, why would I blame you? I'm blaming Wilbur. Or Phil."

"Wilbur or Phil?" Ranboo echoes.

"You're never going to believe this. Wilbur is fucking- fucking Whisht! And Phil is the Angel of Death! Which means Techno is the Blade!" He waves his arms wildly in the air, hardly bothering to brush away the IV when it falls.

"Wait, you didn't know?" Tubbo asks. "It was so obvious."

"Oh, okay, Mr. increased IQ." Tommy says sarcastically.

"I knew too." Ranboo offers meekly.

"You don't count." He immediately retorts. "What matters is that they lied to me, and Phil had wings and didn't save me, and Wilbur dropped me."

"We lied to you too."

Ranboo needs to stop making decent points. Whatever, it was Ranboo saying it so it doesn't really count.

"They're heroes. They have zero reason to lie. Especially not to me! Their own-" he stops short, paling at what he was about to say. Son. Their own son.

Tommy was no son of theirs, even if he loved staying there and enjoyed movie night and liked listening to Wilbur play guitar. Even if Phil knew what his favorite breakfast food was and how he loved cows. No, he wasn't Wilbur and Techno's brother. No, he wasn't Phil's son.

Tubbo gives Ranboo a Look (capital L look) before speaking.

"Right."

"What happened to Jimmy and Scott? Did we get them?" Tommy abruptly changes topic.

"Jimmy got away, but everyone says he's pretty much harmless without a backing powerhouse. Blade and Dream took Scott and his crew to Pandora, that's where the Dream Team is right now." Ranboo explains.

"They're in Pandora?! Dream, 404, and Sapnap?!" He screeches.

"No!" Tubbo quickly yells back. "The Warden let them in to interrogate Scott. Illegally."

Right, the Warden was briefly involved. That was kind of Tommy's fault. Actually, where was his super epic rod of death, patent pending?

"But we do have a problem." Tubbo continues, "I'm pretty sure we're prisoners. They haven't let us leave."

"We haven't tried to leave." Ranboo points out.

"You tried to go get a water bottle and Angel followed you." He deadpans.

Tommy laughs. "Ha! You got tailed by an old man!"

"He's scary!" Ranboo defends.

"So." Tubbo announces, interrupting Tommy's response. "We have to figure out how to get out of here and go home."

Tommy glances to his right. "Well, there's a window."

"Are we leaving right now? Tommy's meant to be on bed rest-" Ranboo starts, but is quickly cut off by Tubbo.

"This is the first time in a full day we haven't been followed."

"I've been asleep for a day?!"

"Don't worry, I slept for half a day. Doc said healing takes a lot out of a person because his power speeds up the natural healing." Tubbo was already starting to idolize Doc, that much was obvious.

"Let's leave." Tommy decides. "Before Wilbur comes and tries to force me to live with them again, or Grian tries to force me into taking days off the cafe."

"Of course you're still worried about that cafe." Ranboo says.

"What's that meant to mean?!"

"Woah, nothing!" He holds his hands in the air. "Nothing!"

"It better mean nothing, boob boy."

"It'd be cool if we got to team up with Hermits more often. I'd love to talk to Mumbo and Doc more, even this guy called Tango who knows how to automate things really well!" Tubbo says, hearts in his eyes.

With wide eyes, Tommy mouths "fanboy" to Ranboo and receives a nod in return.

"It's rumored that Ren and Impulse were the ones who actually set up the entire economy." Tubbo definitely fanboys.

"I am so fucking glad I never introduced you to Grian before this." Tommy says.

He gets it though, he really does. The Hermits basically built the city: that's why no heroes actively go after them anymore. For a group labeled as villains, vigilantes at best, most people know they're awesome. Maybe their ways of getting corrupt politicians out of office were unconventional (see: murder) but it works.

"Guys? We have to go. Doc said he'd be back in thirty minutes and it's been over that." Ranboo says, staring at the clock on the wall with a worried look.

"Tommy, get up or you'll land on your ass." Tubbo orders, practically hauling him up.

He hides the pain behind a startled laugh, waiting for it subside.

Ranboo looks out the window as Tommy and Tubbo grab his arm. With a twist, they're out of the hospital room and quickly on their way back home. Back to normal. Back out of the entire fucking mess.

Chapter End Notes

So, question. If, hypothetically, next chapter was the last one, would you want an epilogue? ;)

Also, the bench trio are fed up with everything and they're ditching.

The Past and The Present

Chapter Summary

Life moves on, taking Tommy along. But there's still three people who he hasn't made peace with.

Isn't it funny how history repeats itself?

Chapter Notes

Hey guys. I hope all of you are doing okay. Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Everything was back to normal. Well, as normal as it can get while living with two vigilantes and having a boss who is confirmed to be a Hermit.

Tubbo and Ranboo now had Tommy to back them up when shit went really south. Luckily, SBI and the Dream Team stayed far away from his friends. There was a newfound trust between all of them, a strength in their relationship they didn't know was possible.

Grian had let him take shifts at the Cafe without much fuss. Tommy wasn't stupid about his boss, having had his suspicions before, so they weren't tense. He was certain that Grian knew he needed work to distract him.

Wilbur, Phil, and Techno had all stayed away. Despite the fact Tommy worked every night, none of them came to visit. And yeah, maybe Tommy was just a little bit upset still, but he had mostly moved on. If he had to admit it, it was a little bit cool that they were epic heroes.

But for now, the only way he ever saw them was when the Tv played their fights.

One was playing right now, actually. While he ignored his job, the Tv was looping old footage of their fights. That was all it had been doing for the past two weeks. At this point Tommy was starting to think Grian was doing it, trying to force him to go talk to the heroes.

Tommy Innit was nothing if not stubborn though. He would wait his entire life if he needed to.

"-The heroes will continue to work on the case, but no other information has been released yet. We will update you once we get more information. Now, onto more recent news. Two

months ago a large gathering of heroes, villains, and vigilantes alike were spotted near the outskirts of the city."

Tommy's head snaps up. This wasn't old footage, this was new. And it was about him?

He didn't really follow what happened after they put Scott in jail. Obviously someone had to have noticed seeing as a bomb went off, but for the most popular news channel to be reporting on it?

Full attention now on the news, he stares at the Tv.

"The hero association still denies knowledge of this event, and we are still left in the dark. Will we ever know what went down that day?"

The cohost speaks up. "We know that SBI was involved, so I'm sure it's something about keeping us safe. If we don't get told, then I'm sure it's because it's all handled."

The original host nods. "Good point Jack. Let's continue on."

His shoulders slump in relief. Although Tubbo and Ranboo were mentioned as vigilantes, they didn't say their names or his. And it seemed like they weren't too concerned about it.

What was his life anymore?

An alarm goes off in the cafe, the jingling of bells alerting him to someone in the drive through. He mutes the Tv, making his way over to the microphone.

"What can I get for you?" He asks in his deadest sounding voice. If you're going to a cafe twenty minutes before four then you deserve it. "Hello?"

"Uh, can I get a black coffee with five shots of espresso?"

Wilbur.

Wilbur and his stupid order.

Wilbur and his stupid attempts to say sorry.

"I'm not supposed to give you more than three espresso shots."

Wilbur sighs. "It's for my brother."

Technoblade.

Tommy didn't even wait for Wilbur to say the words before he moved onto putting the order in the system, making the coffee.

"Go ahead and poison him." He says.

"Okay." Wilbur sounds almost sad, like he was crying, but that wouldn't make any sense.

"Six dollars and twenty eight cents."

"Six dollars?"

"Five is a lot." Despite the fact Wilbur can't actually see him, Tommy shrugs.

"Alright, alright." Wilbur laughs.

Tommy already has the drink made by the time Wilbur rolls up to the window. His window is rolled down, hand holding his credit card. Wilbur's smiling though, a strange mixture of relief and joy in his eyes.

"We don't take cards." Tommy deadpans.

"Why not?" Wilbur rests his arm on the door.

Tommy smiles, already knowing his answer. "Wil, this is a drive thru."

He laughs, and Wilbur joins him.

"So you're not going to yell at me? Because I'm willing to let you yell at me." Wilbur says.

"Shut up." He leans out their window, awkwardly contorting his body to hug Wilbur.

Wilbur seems to need the hug as much as he does, also shoving himself halfway out the car window.

"I'm sorry. You're right, we should've just told you. We didn't want to put you in danger, but we fucked that up anyways." He frantically apologizes.

"That was yesterdays news. Literally." Tommy jokes. "But I have two vigilante friends, a boss that's a Hermit, a casino owner friend, and three supervillain friends who will kill you if you lie about things again."

"I feel like I should be more worried about that."

"Wil, let go of me the window is stabbing into my ribs."

"Sorry!"

They pull apart, and Tommy winces at the ache in his ribs. Of course Wilbur had to be dramatic; Whisht always had a flair for theatrics.

"So are you paying for the coffee or-"

"Fucking gremlin." Wilbur digs in his car, coming up with a crumpled ten dollar bill.

"For a hero, you sure seem broke."

"Well normal places use credit cards!"

He laughs, handing Wilbur back his change.

"So you're... you're good? Didn't get kidnapped again?" Wilbur checks.

"All good boss man. Grian keeps looping your footage on the Tv though."

"That's... ha, that's not Grian." Wilbur at least has the decency to look ashamed as Tommy grows suspicious.

He should've known Grian would never be able to figure out the Tv enough to loop footage like that. Not unless he called Mumbo in.

"It turns out the Dream Team isn't that bad."

"I'm never introducing you to any of my friends again."

"Oh, wow." Wilbur holds a hand to his heart, acting wounded. "I guess I'll never take you to Niki's bakery then."

His eyes widen. "The famous Niki?"

"You have to come over after your shift. Phil keeps making too much food." Then quickly, he adds, "If you want, of course."

"Can we go back to you knowing a famous baker?"

Wilbur sighs, but Tommy knows him well enough to know he's doing it fondly.

"Techno and Phil want to apologize to you, but Phil says he doesn't want to pressure you." Wilbur explains. "Will you come over for breakfast?"

It's Tommy's turn to sigh. He can't turn down Phil's cooking.

"I'm off my shift in twenty minutes."

"Yeah, I'll wait inside. Last time I left you at this cafe you got kidnapped."

"Fuck off!"

Chapter End Notes

Yes, this is the last chapter. Yes, there will be an epilogue. Stick around for the epilogue, you don't want to miss it!

I hope everyone is doing okay with the new news. I will be continuing to write and create new stories as writing makes me and many others happy.
All of that being said, please take care of yourselves! <3

Epilogue: Scott's Hair Jail

Chapter Summary

It's been a year, and Scott's still in jail. Dream and Whisht show up to torment him a little, only to discover what matters most to him.

Chapter Notes

I figured you guys deserve some jokes...

Thank you for reading, and enjoy the epilogue!

Also please read the end note :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"Do you regret kidnapping Tommy Innit?"

"No."

-

"Do you regret kidnapping Tommy Innit?"

"No."

-

"Do you regret kidnapping Tommy Innit?"

"No."

-

"Do you-"

"I will never regret it."

-

"Do you regret kidnapping Tommy Innit?"

"No."

"What if I told you Jimmy was now on twenty-four hour watch? If he steps out of line we have permission to kill him." Dream laughs as Scott's head snaps up to him. "Hello, Scott Major."

This wasn't how it was meant to go. The Warden was meant to ask him the same question every day, and then he'd be left alone in his cell.

"You look surprised. Didn't expect to see me?" He doesn't wait for an answer, leaning against the door he just came through. "It's been a year."

A whole year since Scott was put in jail. A year since he tried to change the world through kidnapping one kid. A year since he's seen his husband and didn't use 3-in-1 on his hair.

"Tommy's doing well. Lively kid, and I'm glad your little stunt didn't change that. Can't say the same for Jimmy though."

"What did you do to him?!"

Dream smirks, and Scott realizes he gave him the reaction he wanted. He doesn't care though, his husband could be getting hurt out there.

While Scott would never regret kidnapping Tommy, he regrets Jimmy getting dragged into it. Trying to keep him safe failed, but for a moment he thought they'd get away.

They didn't.

"I didn't do anything to him. But I did make some new friends who aren't as... bound by the public's opinion. Let's just say he's in a great amount of debt."

"I'll pay it for him." Scott says immediately.

Dream laughs sharply, that porcelain smile staring down at him. It feels condescending, mocking him for his words.

"Maybe I didn't make this clear enough. In the eyes of the law, you don't exist. Everything you've ever had was given to Tommy as an apology gift. You don't have the money to pay. And even if you did, why would I let you?"

After a moment it becomes clear Dream wants an answer, but Scott just looks away.

A green glow wraps around his jaw, forcing him to look back at Dream. The masked man doesn't even move to do it.

"What happened, Scott?" Now he was definitely being mocked. "You used to be so talkative. We had to hear all about your big plans to rid the world of powers. Warden got your tongue?"

"I would've changed the world into a better place."

"Too bad you fucked with our kid to do it, hmm?"

"Mr. Major." Whisht greets, materializing right in front of him.

For the first time in this visit, a spike of fear pierces through Scott. "Our kid" is what Dream said.

"How's Tommy? He stayed at yours last night, right?" Dream asks.

"Oh, yeah, he's great. We played tag and he passed out after. You're still coming over tomorrow for a picnic?"

"Wouldn't miss it."

"Good, Angel would kill me if you changed your mind."

Were they making plans in front of him? A villain and a hero?

"I suppose the only good thing that came out of you was us teaming up." Dream says, now addressing Scott.

"He doesn't deserve that credit." Whisht laughs. "Tell me, Scott, what do you care about most?"

It's like there isn't an option for him to stay silent anymore, mouth already opening and moving.

"My hair."

"Wait what?" Whisht asks.

"His fucking hair?" Dream exclaims. "All this work I put into tormenting you with news of Jimmy and you care about your hair the most?!"

"Hey, we can fix this easy. Go grab a razor."

"We're in a prison, where am I going to get a razor?"

"Please, not my hair!" Scott sobs.

"...what the fuck." Whisht gapes. "You actually care about your hair that much?"

"I feel like shaving his head is too far." Dream admits. "We can't take away a guy's hair."

"Yeah, I see your point. Just a little off the top then? Give him a cut?"

Dream knocks on the door to Scott's cell twice before yelling down the hall.

"Warden! Can we get some scissors?"

A few minutes later a pair of silver scissors slides through the slot where his food comes through, allowing Dream to snatch them. Scott places protective hands over his hair like that'll somehow stop them.

"Do the honors." Dream hands off the scissors to Whisht.

"I regret it!" Scott cries. "I regret kidnapping Tommy!"

He means it. His attempts at changing the world wasn't worth his perfect hair that he spent years of his life on.

"Was that seriously all it took?"

"Are you telling the truth?" Whisht asks.

Scott frantically nods, still holding his hair.

"Well that's kind of boring." Dream states. "But whatever. Come on Whisht."

"See you in another year!" Whisht crows, stepping out of the cell with Dream.

The door slams behind them, leaving Scott all alone. Alone, but with his hair still intact.

-

Nobody shows up the next day.

-

"Can I get some coffee at least? Is there a Starbucks in here?"

Chapter End Notes

That's it! That's the end of the story! It's been a long journey, but we made it. Thanks for all the love and support! <3

This won't be the last you hear from me though. Keep an eye out, I'll be posting a brand new story that'll be even better than this one. Hopefully it'll be out sometime in August. The only thing I'll tell you now is that you'll be dying to know the truth...

End Notes

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